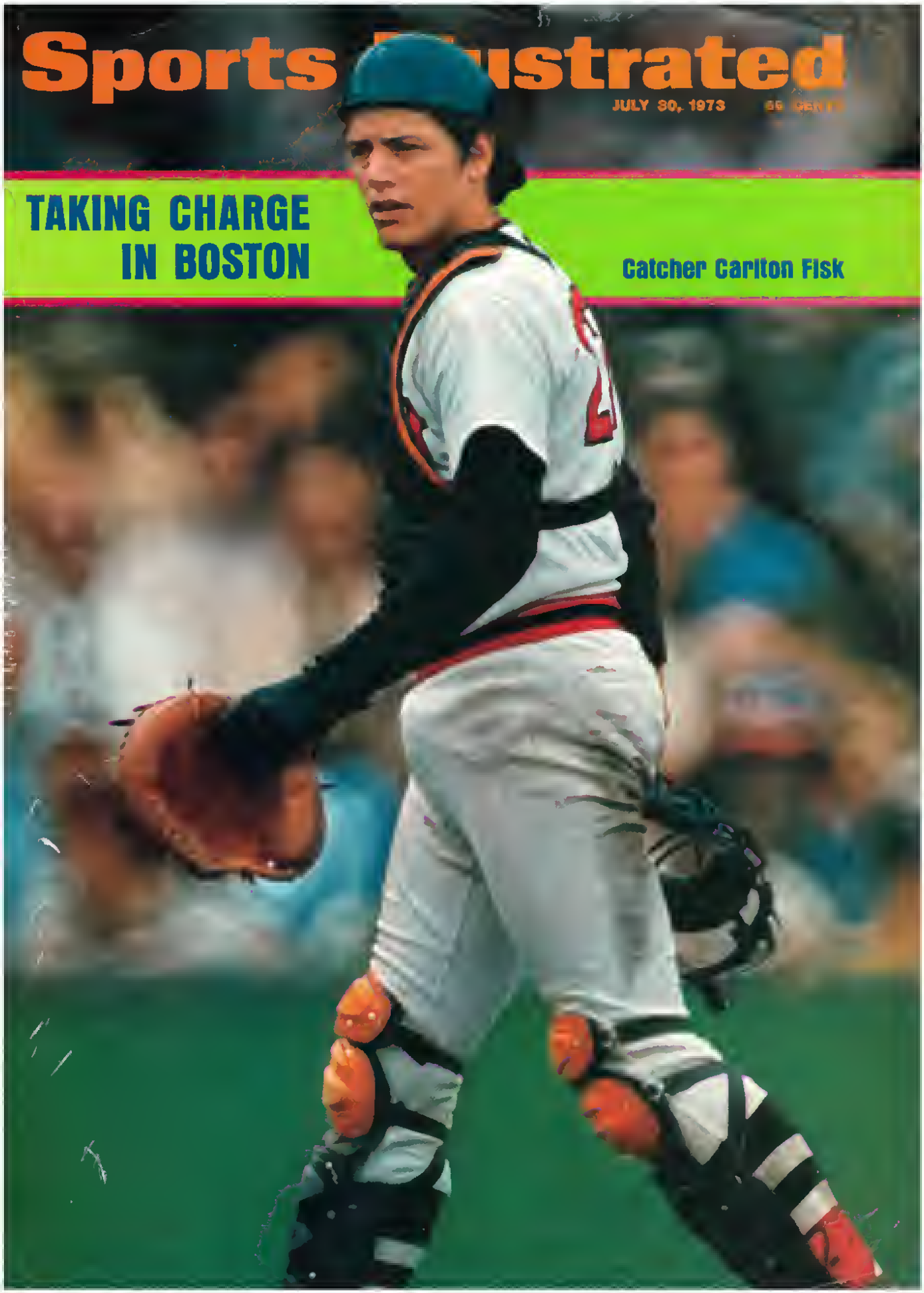
Sports Illustrated
JULY 30, 1973 35 CENTS

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DATSUN SAVES

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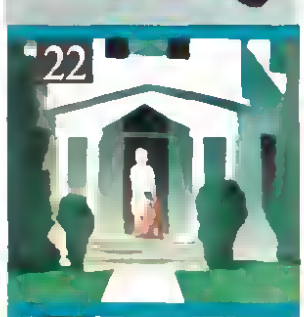
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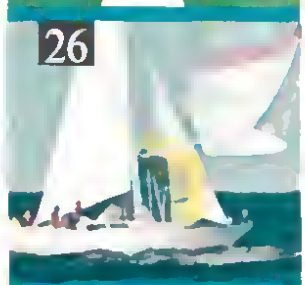














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Next week

PLOTTING SURPRISES for the Dolphins has been attempted by many—with slight success—but All-Star Coach John McKay hopes to jolt Miami with that old college try.

THE REOBIROS feebly fall, then recover and soar. What is the mystery of this fluttery covey? Ron Fimrite reports on the erratic and fanciful flight of the St. Louis Cardinals.

THROWN TO THE LIONS and mauled once again as he tries to quarterback a football team, George Plimpton discovers the hate the game can inspire. An excerpt from a new book.

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"John and I found skiing the Alpine rapids sort of like walking on water during a hurricane."



"No matter which way you look at it, walking on water is a miracle. Especially when you tread the raging Salza River in the Austrian Alps. As we slipped on our pontoons, John and I felt we'd really put our foot into it this time.



"Pontoon skiing is a sport that constantly keeps you on your toes. One false step and submerged rocks could have dashed our pontoons to pieces. And you can't make a life raft out of splinters. I kept calm and remembered John's advice: 'Walk softly and carry a big paddle.'



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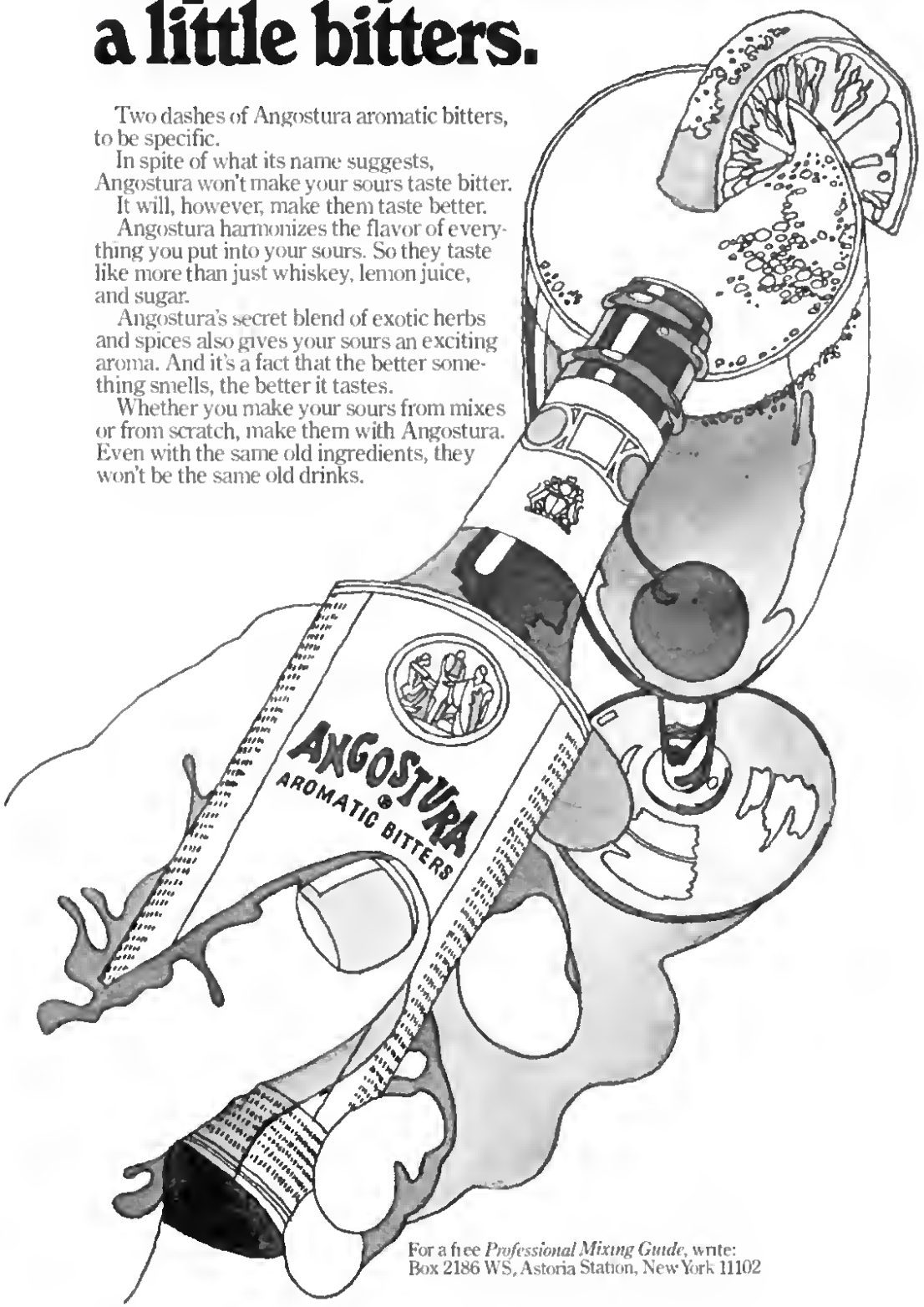
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"When it came to my plans for expansion, the Continental Bankers gave us invaluable guidance. Continental Bank's size and nationwide reputation provided the contacts we needed when we began to expand into new markets. In the last few years, the Warner Company has grown at a rate well ahead of the wallcovering industry. As a matter of fact, we've added three new branches nationally in just the last nine months. In my opinion, Continental Bank was instrumental in our rapid overall growth."

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The Worner Company is a major national distributar of wallcaverings. Since 1960, the company has opened o retail branch in Chicago (above) and whalesale branches in Pittsburgh, Houston, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Detrait, and Milwoukee. Today, they distribute o complete line of decorative wollcoverings including many of their own designs.

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

RECESSIONAL IN THE NBA

In the past few months there have been numerous reports that Commissioner Walter Kennedy of the National Basketball Association had been fired by the league's owners. One report even quoted an 11-to-6 vote favoring dismissal. That total should have been evidence enough that the story was false, since the NBA Constitution requires a three-fourths majority—13 votes—to fire a commissioner.

Kennedy quieted the rumors last week by announcing that he would retire when his current contract expires in 1975, adding that his move is purely voluntary. As proof he points to the 10-year, $500,000 consulting job the owners have awarded him as a going-away present. "Hush money," cried Kennedy detractors.

Kennedy's critics, who have often rapped him justifiably in the past, were very likely wrong this time. Despite an inept coin toss here and dismaying lack of decisiveness there, Kennedy has done a reasonably good job of dealing with the NBA's fractious owners, most of whom want an assertive, independent commissioner about as much as they want to drop the reserve clause. His 10 years in office offer some good reasons why he was not canned. During his tenure NBA television revenues increased from $0 to $9 million per annum, and its nationally televised games from none to what will be 38 in the coming season. The league has almost doubled in size to 17 teams, with five of the NBA's healthiest franchises included among the new clubs. Most gratifyingly, attendance has risen from two to seven million.

In fact, if Kennedy could possibly negotiate an armistice with the ABA by the time he retires and clean up a batch of lawsuits facing the NBA, he could leave the league in remarkably better condition than he found it. A recent Harris poll indicated that while baseball's popularity has increased 3.3% in the past year and pro football's has declined 3%, pro basketball's has jumped nine and a half percentage points. Best of all, the pollsters say pro basketball is now the favorite spectator sport of American teen-agers.

STUDY IN FUTILITY

There is a certain irony to be detected in baseball attendance figures through July 10, as reported by *The Sporting News*. In 41 home games, the Kansas City Royals drew 699,007. The world champion Oakland Athletics, in 41, had an attendance of only 512,057. In 40 home games, the Milwaukee Brewers drew 609,862. But the Atlanta Braves showed a mere 372,725 for 34 home games.

As you may remember, the Braves moved from Milwaukee to Atlanta complaining about poor support and, on the same grounds, the Athletics moved from Kansas City to Oakland. In each case the club that moved into the city that was vacated is now outdrawing the original franchise holder.

For anyone who would like to pursue the case further, the same has happened with the San Francisco Giants and the New York Mets. Or still further? The Texas Rangers, who fled Washington because they were unloved, have an attendance crisis in their new home. Want to bet Washington's new team outdraws the Rangers next year?

GETAWAY DAY AT BULLHEAD

Striped bass fingerlings implanted in the Colorado River less than 10 years ago have achieved extraordinary growth in the Bullhead City, Ariz. area south of Davis Dam.

The first 10-pounder caught was considered to be sensational, but increases have ranged up to five pounds a season, and this year sponsors of the Bullhead City Merchants' Striped Bass Derby were expecting a 50-pounder. Ron Weaver, a Bullhead City businessman, thinks he had one—for a while.

With his 11-year-old son along for their first striper quest together, Weaver baited up with a frozen anchovy and soon latched onto a fish that took 45 exciting minutes to bring aboard the boat. A borrowed scale registered it at 51 pounds and, even allowing for some scale error, the fish easily beat the existing state record of 47 pounds.

As Weaver was turning the key to start his boat and get the fish as quickly as possible to an official weighing station to be certified for the $1,000 top prize, his son asked, "Can I hold him, Dad?" Then there was a splash as son and fish went overboard.

Weaver rescued his son—there are priorities in these matters—but the striper disappeared.

TWO-FISTED DRINKING

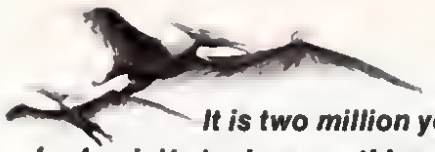
The craggy, rock-shaped bottle has a boxing glove as a stopper and on its front there is a cameo reproduction of none other than Rocky Marciano. Inside is a fifth of Kentucky whiskey, a product of the James B. Beam Distilling Co. It is Jim Beam's 351st trophy bottle in 20 years and, like many another in the series, it is expected to become a collector's item—and quite a valuable one. One such bottle, a facsimile of the First National Bank of Chicago in commemoration of its 100th anniversary, has attained a value of $2,800 since it was introduced in 1964. The trophy bottles initially sell for from $10 to $25.



The idea for Rocky's bottle came from Louis Marciano, the boxer's brother, and proceeds will go to the Rocky Marciano Foundation in San Jose, Calif.

So now the late great and undefeated Rocky has what he never had in his ring career: a glass jaw.

continued



It is two million years ago. On an African savanna, a strange creature browses for food. He looks something like an ape and also like a man. He walks on two legs—yet his forehead is low and sloping, his jaw thrusts forward. He doesn't know it—but he represents a giant step forward in evolution. For he is the "missing link" between ape and man . . .



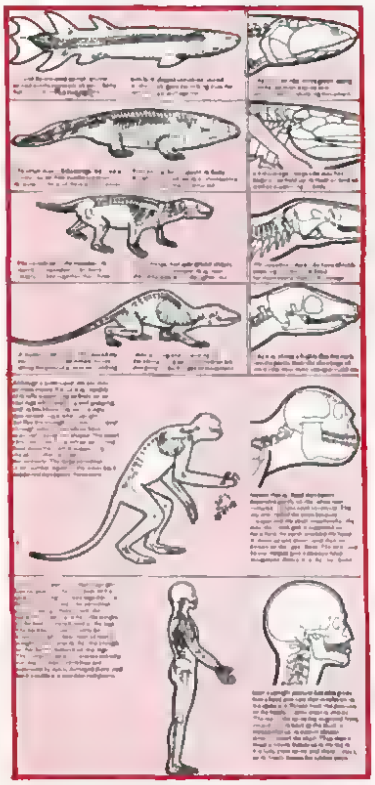
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Diemetic "photo-paintings" -- based on recent scientific findings -- show how the missing link (Australopithecus) looked about two million years ago. About 4½ feet tall and 60 pounds, he was not the "hairy ape-men" once supposed.



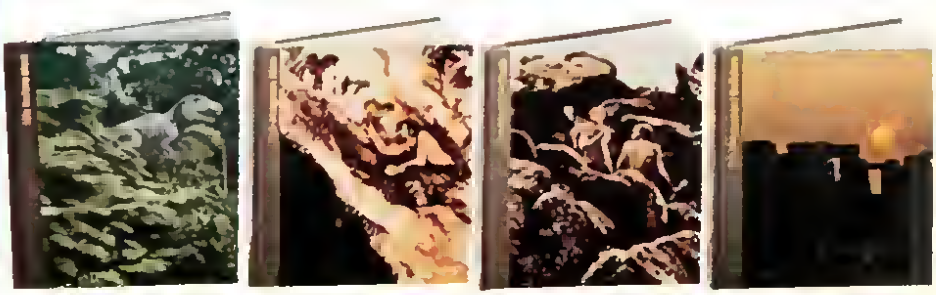
Do you know:

- why the human fetus has gills?
- when men first began to bury his dead?
- when the nuclear family began?
- how cooking food changed man's face?
- how speech evolved?
- why man can speak and apes can't?
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- what the latest findings are on "the missing link"?
- in what way Neanderthal Men was "religious"?
- if any creatures except man use tools?
- whether or not there are still Neanderthals among us?
- if the land near the South Pole could once have been sub-tropical?

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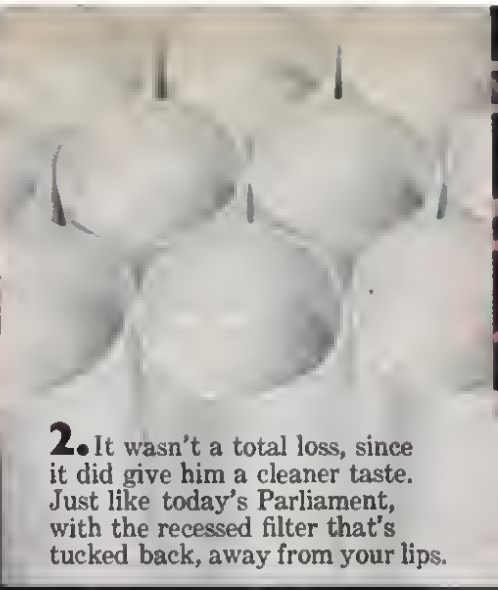
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FINDERS KEEPERS

Fred Spiller, truck driver, father of five, peaceful Wichita (Kans.) citizen, is now out $25 and has a police record. Or he will have if he loses his appeal. The crime? He picked up a baseball hit 390 feet over the fence and into the gutter of a neighboring street.

Detective Lloyd Powell, assigned to the intracity game between the South Riverside Baptist Church and the Service Auto Glass teams, came down from the bleachers and ordered Spiller to return the ball. Spiller refused, contending that a ball hit into the stands or over the fence belongs to the spectator. "Come with me," ordered Powell.

Judge Cliff W. Ratner agreed with the detective that in non-league games the ball belongs to the team even though, as expert witnesses testified, it is the custom in major league games to let the finder be the keeper. The municipal court judge ruled against Spiller despite what the judge called his lawyer's "poignant and beautiful" arguments, finding him guilty of petty larceny. Spiller feels there is a principle involved and plans to appeal to the district court, where he will be entitled to a jury trial. And if he loses there, he will go even higher. Apparently there has been no court ruling on a similar case in baseball history. Go get 'em, Fred.

SILENT SUMMER

In late summer each year flocks of migrating robins gather in Canada's maritime provinces on their way to the U.S. They are a hungry lot because extensive Canadian crop spraying has largely eliminated the bud worms and other insects that are the natural food of the robin. What they have turned to as a substitute is the blueberry. As a result, the Canadian government is contemplating a massive slaughter of tens of thousands of the birds this August and September.

Last year, according to The Fund for Animals, Inc. of Washington, D.C., one Canadian farmer boasted that he had shot some 7,000 robins on his 200-acre farm. One of America's most popular songbirds and the state bird of Connecticut, Michigan and Wisconsin, the robin can be prevented, by nonlethal means, from devastating blueberry crops. In the northeastern U.S. this is done by placing netting over the berries.

Though conceding that the robin is not yet an endangered species, The Fund for Animals fears that it will become one if its mass destruction should develop into an annual event. According to the Fund, robins are even now thought to be experiencing reproductive difficulties and population decreases from the widespread use of pesticides, though "hard evidence is difficult to come by."

"The elimination of these robins," the Fund asserts, "could result in a proliferation of insects on which the robins normally prey, which will inevitably lead to more widespread use of dangerous pesticides, which appears to be the main cause of the present problem."

Since the robin is covered in America's migratory bird treaty with Canada, Fund officials hope that the U.S. Government, specifically the Departments of Interior and State, will request that the Canadians spare the birds.

PASS, PLACE AND SHOW

The University of Washington's contribution to "practical education," in which students acquire knowledge and skills they will need to get along in the world, is a non-credit course in thoroughbred handicapping. For their final exams a class of 33 attended Longacres racetrack and 25 passed—by having a winning day.

NAMES MAKE NEWS AGAIN

At the Wonderland Dog Track in Revere, Mass., greyhounds racing in the current meeting are named Nixon Victory Lane, Spiro, Mr. Wiretapper, No Peeking, Not Me, Deluded, Some Nightmare and Jailed.

Then there are the Love Bugs, a softball team in San Jose, Calif. for girls ages 10 and 11. Nothing to do with the Watergate buggings, however. The Love Bugs are sponsored by the Sure Kill Exterminator Company.

LOLLAR'S DOLLAR

Peter Lollar, a defenseman for the Kingston Aces of the Ontario Hockey Association, obligingly agreed to sign an autograph for 9-year-old Whitney Haynes, a little girl who much admired him. But Whitney did not have a hockey program or even a scrap of paper. So she asked Lollar to sign a dollar. He did, and Whitney turned the keepsake over to her dad. That was a mistake.

Inadvertently, Bob Haynes spent the dollar at the arena. That was last October. The dollar was gone forever, everyone assumed. But the other day Mary Jeffrey of Napanee, Ont., 28 miles from Kingston, found she had a dollar with Peter Lollar's name on it. Mary is a housekeeper at the Napanee Home for the Aged and the administrator of the home is Walter Gerow, coach of the Kingston Aces. So Mary gave the dollar to Walter, who gave it to Lollar, who, after some searching, found Whitney and returned it to her. She'll be a fan for life.

JUDY IS A LADY

Prizefighting between ladies has long been frowned upon or prohibited by law the world around. Except now in Pennsylvania, which recently took an exaggerated view of the Women's Lib movement and lifted the restrictions against such exhibitions.

So Philadelphia promoters, historically never too concerned about the ethical considerations of sport, went on a frantic search for female talent to provide a spicy fillip of interest for another version of Ladies' Night. There are not too many girl boxers about, though, and the promoters found themselves hard put. They concentrated, naturally, on the girls of the roller skating derbies, in which fistfights between the lady competitors are a common attraction. As their principal target they settled on Judy Arnold, star of the Roller Games and a frequent participant in rough stuff on the banked track.

Ms. Arnold, it turns out, is having no part of taking somebody's best shot with a pair of Everlast eight-ouncers. She gave the promoters her decision:

No punchin' Judy show.

THEY SAID IT

- Willie Stargell, Pittsburgh slugger with more than 300 career homers, saying he is 10 behind Henry Aaron: "Ten years, that is."
- Frank Quilici, Minnesota manager, on his 12 moves in 12 years: "We sometimes forget our daughter's age, but we know she's got 80,000 miles on her."
- Golfer Bob Charles: "Being left-handed is a big advantage. No one knows enough about your swing to mess you up with advice."
- Charlie Waters, Dallas Cowboy cornerback, after doctors inserted a steel rod to hasten healing in his arm broken in December's NFL playoff game against Washington: "Many more experiences like this and I'll have a recyclable body." END

Sports Illustrated
JULY 30, 1973

TREAT 'EM, BEAT 'EM

It is an oath Hippocrates did not codify, but it is Bob Magoon's. In the Hennessy Grand Prix both practices were good for the Miami eye surgeon as he outraced the finest field in offshore powerboat history

by DAN LEVIN

One of the glories of sport is its refusal to be cautious and prudent. What cautious man would dare Everest? What prudent man would stand in and swing at Nolan Ryan's fastball? And, indeed, who in his right, weigh-it-out mind would dabble in the outlandish game of offshore powerboat racing, where the boats are fiendishly expensive, the purses nonexistent or absurdly small and the risks to life and limb all too real? Well, take Robert Magoon, 38, the distinguished Miami Beach eye surgeon. In the operating room Bob Magoon is the soul of prudence. But on the water he stands a 1,200-horsepower racer up on its tail at speeds of 75 miles an hour and more and socks it to one and all.

Last week, in what may have been the classiest event in offshore racing's modern history, Magoon, the U.S. champion for 1971 and '72 (and the outboard champ for 1969-70), went into the lead in his try for a third straight inboard title by socking it to as fascinating a field of rivals as these kidney-kicking boats have seen. This was the fourth annual Hennessy Grand Prix, put on by the cognac people over a 181-mile Atlantic Ocean triangle stretching from Point Pleasant, N.J. to Fire Island off Long Island's south shore, to a buoy off New York's Rockaway Beach, and back to Point Pleasant again. Part of the course was a bash up and down the coast adjacent to Point Pleasant so that a large fleet of spectator boats and scores of thousands of standees on the Jersey shore could have a close-up look.

Magoon won in a woolly finish by a mere three seconds (for a mere $2,000) from an imprudent publisher from Milan, Giorgio Mondadori, an unexpected visitor to American racing. Signor Mondadori, 56 years old, is obviously no stripling, but if a mature man wants to shove an 80-mph dart over Atlantic swells on a magnificent day in July, who is to say him nay? And if he has had the exceptional good sense to borrow the boat from a friend, not shell out $40,000 for it, then *bravo*.

Mondadori's friend, a brand-new one, is Sandy Satullo, at 51 no kid himself, the owner of a restaurant in Rocky River, Ohio called the Copper Kettle, after which he names his boats. The boat he loaned to Mondadori was a 36-foot Cigarette in which he, Satullo, had captured last year's Grand Prix—the only one not won by Bob Magoon. This time Satullo thought he had something hotter, a slick new 40-footer made of that old-fashioned stuff, wood (all the others are fiberglass), by Gara Boats of North Miami, an emerging rival for Don Aronow and his conquering Cigarettes. So where did Satullo finish? Third, two minutes and 20 seconds behind Mondadori.

Several elements gave the Hennessy its extra dash of quality. Satullo's prototype and another 40-foot Gara, a new 40-foot Cigarette entered by Roger Penske of auto racing achievement and a 38-foot Bertram (a name that dominated offshore racing in the late '50s and early '60s) driven by Sammy James, with Astronaut Gordon Cooper as co-pilot.

So it was Magoon against the world, Aronow against the non-Cigarettes and, not least, Carl Kiekhaefer, mechanical wizard of the ocean sea, against MerCruiser power packages from Mercury Marine, a company he formerly owned. Today Kiekhaefer builds Aeromarine power plants based on a beltless Chevy engine. MerCruiser puts together a more conventional unit that also starts with a Chevy engine. In order, the winners were Magoon—at an average speed of 73.86 miles an hour—Aronow and Kiekhaefer.

It was late morning when the big boats—19 of them—moved down New Jersey's Manasquan Inlet toward the sea, candy-wrapper bright and latent with power. They passed jetties barnacled with people, gazing at the rakish hulls as ancient peoples might have looked upon fleets set with bright sails also bound for dangerous waters. About the boats, too, there was an aura of romance—in the look of them, in the reputations of their drivers.

Offshore powerboat racing is seldom a spectator sport, but the Hennessy people, with a limited market among sea gulls, did what they could for the viewers by starting the race with three passes close along the shore. From there the boats were wonderful to watch—close together, 22 to 40 feet long, skipping off the swells like stones across a pond. As Magoon had pointed out before the race, there was danger in the pack—nine-thousand-pound boats are not stones—and as the leaders headed to sea he was running sixth, intentionally. Penske was eighth, or rather Jerry Simison was eighth. Penske had left some doubt as to what he would be doing during the race, and now Simison, a man of some boat-racing experience, was steering while Roger handled the throttles. Together they were more than a mile behind Magoon, who in turn had some water to make up on Mondadori and another Italian, the whippet-thin veteran Vincenzo Balestrieri who, since Magoon does not race in Europe, is leading in the world championship, which he won in '68 and '70.

It is 50 miles from Point Pleasant to

continued

Sizzling over the sea, Magoon (at wheel) and crew Gene Lanhem spur their Cigarette on.


1
KIEKHAEFER aeromarine
KIEKHAEFER
aeromarine



Mondadori displayed his firm Italian hand.

Fire Island Inlet, and halfway across Magoon took the lead. He was a minute up on Mondadori at the Fire Island checkpoint and two minutes ahead of James' *Whittaker Moppie* as the new Bertram was called (*Whittaker* for the firm that now owns Bertram Yacht, *Moppie* for the deep-vee hull design from which all these boats have descended).

In the Bertram, Astronaut Cooper was serving as James' navigator. Said James: "He's tough. He ain't gonna fall down and cry if the going gets rough." It was Cooper who took over the landing of a

Astronaut Cooper overran the old gazoo.



Mercury space capsule in 1963 from its faltering automatic system and put it down "right on the old gazoo." Off Fire Island the gazoo eluded him. *Whittaker Moppie* took a very wide turn at the Fire Island buoy—2½ miles wide, it was calculated—and in no time was eight minutes down to Magoon. By then the good doctor was leading Mondadori by five minutes. In all fairness to Cooper, though, he has been accustomed to having more room to navigate in.

At Fire Island, Penske was still eighth when he switched to his center gas tank, which somehow had collected enough dirt to cause a loss of pressure and power. Eventually he lost his way and was disqualified for missing a checkpoint.

Some fog was drifting in as Magoon blasted west along the Long Island shore. He could not find the Rockaway Point buoy a mile out to sea, so he kept going, followed Ambrose Channel at the outer entrance to New York Harbor and made his way back on course. But he had gone an extra half mile. Mondadori, who was also lost, saw Magoon turn south and followed him, but turned a quarter mile sooner. By the next checkpoint, New Jersey's Shrewsbury Rocks, they were only 50 yards apart. This was after 140 miles on the ocean at speeds at times in excess of 80 miles an hour and over good-sized swells. And their battle had just begun.

Magoon did not need boat troubles now, but he had them; his steering had begun to go slack. It took a quarter turn to make the wheel respond. Three times in 30 miles he nearly spun out of control. Each time Mondadori gained.

At the next-to-last checkpoint the racers had to round a boat marked by a red flag. There was another boat nearby, an unofficial one flying a blue flag, and there were 10 or 12 fishing boats, too, to confuse the view. Barreling down upon them, Magoon could not see the red flag. So he headed for the blue flag and then he saw the red one, just beyond and to the side. He made a tight turn around the boat, with Mondadori on his tail. Mondadori's turn was wide, however, and he fell farther behind. As they began the last 11.5-mile leg up the shore from Seaside, N.J. to Point Pleasant, the Italian was 200 yards back.

Now Mondadori opened his throttles all the way and started to gain. Magoon was afraid to do the same. Before, when he had tried, he had begun to spin out, and if that were to happen now he might



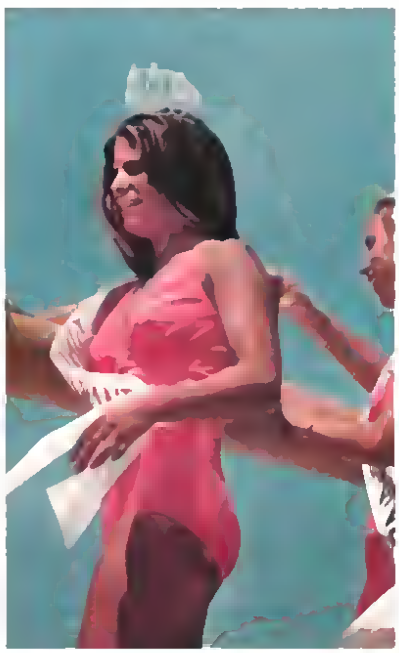
In his borrowed racer Mondadori chased the

lose his lead. So Magoon hung on, with Mondadori crawling up his neck, which may still be tingling. Afterward Magoon kept saying, "I've never seen a race with such competition. There was someone pushing me all the time." That someone, of course, was Mondadori, who muttered, "I will have nightmares tonight, with little Magoons running around."

It had been a portentous race for the sport, what with the survival of Satullo's wooden boat ("If I had been able to trim my props right, we would have won," he said), the advent of the 40-footers and the new competition for the Cigarettes. And Penske had brought some lucrative sponsorship (Sunoco-DX) to at least one boat in a sport that has had little enough financial backing.

Boatbuilder Aronow had not really

Race princesses prettied the dockside scene.





flying Magoon. He failed by mere seconds.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEINHART

wanted to go up to 40 feet, but Penske had insisted. "I'm not going to have the same boat as everyone else," Penske said. "We're innovators. We're not afraid to be wrong."

The forgotten man at the end was Balestrieri, whose *Black Tornado* had blown an engine after 70 miles. He walked around shirtless in the race headquarters at Point Pleasant's Kings Grant Inn, with two black-crayoned circles on his abdomen. There were Xs in the circles—targets, he explained, for Magoon. Months ago, in the pounding of a race, he had torn some muscles, and before leaving Rome his doctor had marked him up. That morning in Point Pleasant Magoon had injected the Xs with novocain.

It was not the only time recently that Magoon has ministered to a competitor.

Magoon did not protest a victory dunking



In May, in Florida's Sam Griffith race, Driver Roger Hanks tried to make a tight turn around the official boat at the first checkpoint. It came close to being the last checkpoint of his life. His *Blonde IV* crashed into the official boat and there they bobbed, like an olive on a toothpick in a big drink, when Magoon raced up.

"Anyone hurt?" he called. "Yes," the official yelled, "my wife." The ocean was rough and Magoon couldn't bring his boat alongside safely, so he jumped overboard and started swimming. He got to the checkboat and saw the woman walking around, so he swam over to Hanks' boat. Hanks wasn't hurt, either, but now the woman was hysterical and screaming, "I can't swim. We're sinking. Save me!" So Magoon scrambled over and comforted her, and then he swam back to his boat and completed the course, finishing fifth. Later he said, "If you compete, you like to win. But I'm a doctor first, and it's my duty to help."

Now Magoon sat in a New Jersey restaurant, eating lobster, and he said, "Anyone can go at top speed, drive a boat and break it. The thing is, you have got to finish. And anyway, basically I'm a coward."

It doesn't show. Last December, playing tennis, Magoon tore the cartilage in his knee. He was up the whole night in agony, but the next day he raced in Fort Lauderdale's Le Club International, and won. Four people had to carry him out of the boat. And the day after that he was in the hospital where, he says, they drained "a quart of blood" off his knee. This spring he underwent an operation on the knee.

At Point Pleasant people kept asking Magoon about his plans. He said he did not care too much about winning any more national championships, but there was a Miami-to-New York record, 31 hours and 32 minutes, that he might like to beat. He said he thought he could do it a lot faster if he could get by Cape Hatteras O.K. And then he mentioned the 1,403-mile Round Britain marathon next year. He gestured to the boats at dockside, and said, "It might be better to let others take over."

Mondadori, for one, would not be taking over, but his certainly was a welcome presence in the Hennessy. He is a handsome man with enormous, shaggy brows. At 6′ 2″ and "220 pounds in your money," as he describes himself, he lumbered around the docks like a jolly bear, smiling brightly and kidding with everyone. "We are like a big club," he said of the racing people. "We like each other very well, before the race and after."

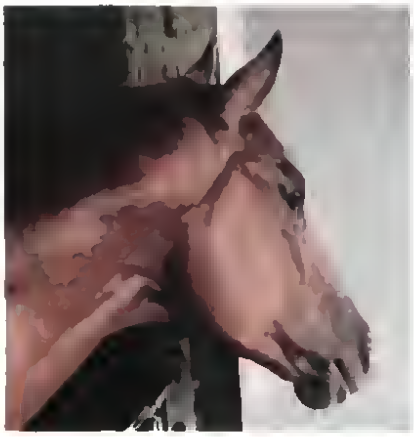
"When you are around engines and racers, you forget the problems of publishing," he said. The Mondadori firm is Italy's largest producer of magazines and books, and Magoon's runner-up is president and managing director. Mondadori puts out 24 magazines, including *Epoca*, *Panorama* and *Topolino*. The last means Mickey Mouse and is a huge seller.

Mondadori has been an ocean racer only since 1970. This year, he says, he has his first good boat in Europe, the *Nico-Pao*, named for his sons Nicolo and Paolo. Mondadori also likes cars. he owns a fast one, a custom-made Iso Rivolta, which he describes as something like a Maserati or Ferrari. He says he sometimes drives the car at 175 miles an hour. "Speed is my only hobby," he says. "When the boat is at full throttle, in heavy seas, there is a feeling of something special." During the Hennessy he spun out of control and was thrown hard to the deck, but he jumped up and drove on. Co-driver Davy Wilson said, "The old guy went down at 80 miles an hour, but he asked no quarter."

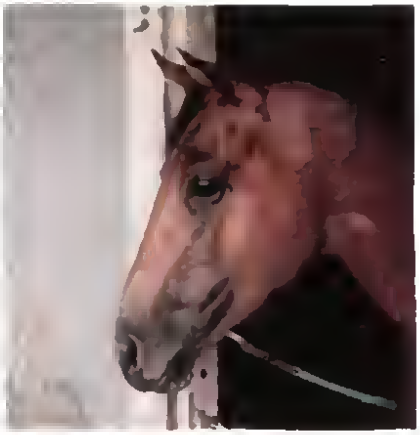
After the race Magoon and his wife were talking with Mondadori, who gestured at Andrea Magoon and said, "I was going to win, but then I thought of this lady crying and I let him go. I didn't want to break up their happy family." Which is one way to give the doctor the treatment. **END**

Panska (center) & Co. made a vivid trio





$16 MILLION ON THE HOOF



Threa of the most expensive horses ever—$6 million Secretariat (left) and the $5 million handicappers Riva Ridge (right) and Key to the Mint—are set to sizzle



This is the year of the Meadow Stud, which owns Riva Ridge (two record performances) and Secretariat (three of them, and a sweep of the Triple Crown). Secretariat has been syndicated for $6 million and last week plans were being completed to syndicate Riva Ridge for more than $5 million. So, side by side in Trainer Lucien Laurin's stable at Belmont Park was over $11 million in horseflesh, the two costliest thoroughbreds in training anywhere and perhaps the two best. But there they stayed last Saturday afternoon, though the $100,000 Suburban, the most prestigious handicap race in the nation, was being run only a few miles away at Aqueduct.

There was never any thought of Secretariat taking on the older horses in the Suburban; he is scheduled to meet them next week in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga. But Laurin had been eager to start Riva Ridge. He thinks the world of this 4-year-old, who has now earned over a million dollars, and he has never gotten over the fact that Key to the Mint, rather than Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes winner Riva, was named champion 3-year-old of 1972. So the trainer was pining to beat the Key, well and soundly. The Suburban was to be a grudge match. But Laurin knows that Riva Ridge, for all his brilliance on a fast track, cannot run in the mud. And rain threatened, as all week long a cold front inched toward New York on the weather map, pushing thundershowers ahead of it. Would the front hold off long enough and the track be fast? For once Meadow Stud's luck failed.

The rain began coming down Friday evening and continued, almost without interruption, through the night, through Saturday morning and through the early part of Saturday afternoon. By post time the track was so sloppy that the wheels of the starting gate, as it was being moved into position, sent up a wedge of spray like the prow of a ship.

Riva Ridge was scratched. Key to the Mint went off at 3 to 5 and ran like 3 to 5. He is hard to rate, especially when another horse is alongside, but this time nothing made a serious run at him in the early going and Jockey Braulio Baeza had an easier time than usual keeping him relaxed. A California colt, Royal Owl, raced within half a length of the Key until midway down the backstretch, then started backing up. By the homestretch Baeza and the Key had a six-length lead and the race would have been a breeze had it not been for a late rush by a horse named True Knight, who closed fast, just as he did in the Brooklyn Handicap in which he was beaten by only a head by Riva Ridge in world-record time.

True Knight ran a remarkable race in the Suburban. After a quarter of a mile he was dead last in the field though it included the notoriously slow breaker Loud, a horse who has been banished from the track twice for his tardy habits out of the gate. After half a mile, True Knight was still last and about 19 lengths behind Key to the Mint. Then he started moving, and at the end of the mile and a quarter he was beaten less than two lengths. The winning time, despite the slop, was an excellent 2:00⅘.

Though he failed in his bid, True Knight had Key to the Mint all out at the finish and Baeza said later, "That horse was coming at me and I kept looking at the finish line and it seemed to be getting farther and farther away."

Left unresolved by the Suburban was the question of whether Key to the Mint or Riva Ridge is the better horse. To date the colts have met in eight stakes races and each has beaten the other four times. This year they are one-and-one in their duel.

One thing the Suburban did prove was that both Riva and Key to the Mint are many pounds better than the rest of the handicap horses in the East, with the possible exception of True Knight. In the Suburban the Key was giving away eight to 14 pounds to his rivals, but the closest any of them but True Knight could come at the finish was eight lengths.

The Suburban also proved that handicap racing, under today's cockeyed economics, is in trouble. The event, first run in 1884, has been won by such great horses as Equipoise, Armed, Tom Fool, Nashua, Bold Ruler and Kelso. Yet this year only six starters showed up to try for the money and glory—and four had so little chance that the lowest odds on any of them were 9 to 1.

Who will run in next year's Suburban? Not Riva Ridge, even if the track is fast, for he goes to stud for his syndicate at the end of 1973. Not Key to the Mint, whose Owner Paul Mellon talks of syndicating and who, in any case, will retire to stud this fall. Nor Secretariat, king of the 3-year-olds, who will be bred while still a growing boy.

The trouble with handicap racing is that there is so much of it—from Massachusetts to New York to New Jersey to Chicago to California and all the way back to Florida—that even a rather ordinary horse can earn a fortune. In the month of July there were five races in the U.S. with purses of $100,000 or more, two races for $75,000, five for $50,000, and 10 for anywhere from $25,000 to $40,000. In all, the money put up by racetracks around the country in handicaps for 3-year-olds and up totaled $1,280,500 in this one month.

An owner with just a fair horse does not have to run in the Suburban against the best. He can shop around for soft spots and make a lot of money without ever going up against a Key to the Mint or a Riva Ridge. A horse can make half a million dollars in his career without beating or meeting one of the champs.

Because there is so much purse money around, the cost of a well-bred yearling with a chance at some of it has been inflated beyond all reason. At the Keeneland Summer Sales, where 324 yearlings were auctioned last year, the *average* price was $37,101. This week Keeneland holds another yearling auction and prices are expected to go still higher as buyers from overseas make the most of the declining dollar.

Because the price of yearlings is so high, so is the price of a stud horse that shows promise of siring a runner. Secretariat's syndication figure of more than $6 million—arrived at by finding that 32 interests were willing to pay $190,000 each for the privilege of breeding a mare to the horse each year—is a record. Riva Ridge's price of over $5 million is close to a record. And Key to the Mint should go for somewhere near the same amount.

So the good horses retire young to become fathers—a job that pays even better than racing. The only 6-year-old in the Suburban field was Loud, who was gelded as a 2-year-old because he was so fractious that he eventually broke a foot while acting up under his shed. This fact led one officer of the New York tracks to comment, after a hard day of dealing with racing's many problems, "Our sport would be in a lot better shape if more people and horses were gelded at an early age." **END**

Key to the Mint (right), running high and dry, moves away as West Coast Scout (center) and Royal Owl (left) slosh shin-deep in muck.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR HERSELF

Until Susie Berning and her new/old putter took charge of the affair, the Women's Open looked like one of those awful parties at which all the guests were going to have a perfectly terrible time

by BARRY McDERMOTT

When you want to choreograph a U S Women's Open, you take the world's best women golfers and get them all evil-lookin', hot and nasty over such matters as tradition, honor and glory. For snob appeal you add a golf course with blue sap in its trees, preferably one on which all the holes are uphill, throw in a labyrinth of horrors such as heavy, dull rough and ravenous sand traps and enough vegetation to blunt Paul Bunyan's ax. You harden up half the putting greens, leave the rest soft and give them all a Haldeman haircut. Then you stand back in your blazer and smirk while the whimpering girls flounder like paper boats in the Atlantic. After all, if they can't stand the heat, they ought to be back in the kitchen.

A Women's Open is a fractured love affair, equal parts of heartbreak and humiliation that help set back the players' psyches 11 months or so. You don't really win an Open, you sort of hang around and survive it. And that is what Susie Maxwell Berning did last week in the 1973 Women's Open at the Country Club of Rochester. She survived her small mistakes and one big, bad round, survived with a score of 290, which was two over par, but better than the rest of the mortally wounded field could manage.

This was not an Open won with birdies but one wooed with patience. Berning began the final round tied with young Pam Higgins, and after seven holes she had edged into a two-stroke lead over both Pam and a rallying Sandra Palmer. Then, in a matter of moments, after first Palmer and then Higgins double bogeyed the 10th hole, all Susie had to worry about was her acceptance speech. Her final margin was five strokes. It was her third Open title, one less than the record held jointly by Mickey Wright and Betsy Rawls, and her second straight. Victory could not have been more timely. It came on her 32nd birthday.

All week long the Rochester course was positively vengeful. It consistently seemed to exact stern retribution from those lucky enough to master it for one round. Amateur Cynthia Hill took a three-stroke lead with an opening 68 Thursday, then shot a 79. On Friday Sharon Miller came from five strokes off the pace with a 69 and led by four, only to stagger to a 78 in the third round. One of the leaders, Sue Roberts, took a 9 on the 15th hole Friday and headed for oblivion. And Sandra Haynie, even par after eight holes in the opening 18, strained her wrist and withdrew after a 78. One player, Cynthia Sullivan, decided to use Open week as the one for marriage. The ceremony was Sunday night, but by then she had had two days in which to recover her equanimity, for she had missed the cut.

It took two similarly diverting subjects, 18-year-old Laura Baugh and Jane Blalock, to steal attention from the fluctuating leader board. A freshly minted professional, Baugh brings false eyelashes and dimples to a sport that can use a little makeup, while Blalock's travails during the past year have given her a new first name: Controversial.

Despite her 1971 U S. Amateur title, the tour professionals did not like Baugh's backswing as much as the men did and smugly predicted a few weeks back that she would be better off as a TV weather girl or a home economics major, leaving a woman's job to them. But the Open was Baugh's fourth tournament since joining the tour a month ago, and her start has been auspicious—the best, in fact, in women's golf history. In her first tournament she tied for second at Atlanta, winning $2,480—quite a bit more than the $33.33 Jack Nicklaus took home for a 50th-place finish in his initial pro tournament. She has now cashed four straight checks worth a total of $3,956, which is more than Kathy Whitworth and Carol Mann won in their first seasons combined.

"I'm impressed with her improvement," said Judy Rankin, who ended the week as the tour's leading money-winner. "She used to not hit the ball very far. But now she hits it long enough to earn a living."

Baugh is equal parts sweet innocence, Harlow, Bardot and *California Dreamin'*. "What this tour needs is Laura Baugh in a halter top," Carol Mann joked early in the week before a putting green gallery.

Some golfers refer to Baugh as "The Machine," an allusion to her dedication. She has programmed herself with the discipline of a ballerina, and in the last few months at her home in Long Beach, Calif. her preparations became obsessive. Each day she was on the course at eight a.m. for 18 holes. After lunch she would hit practice balls until three p.m., belting them into a barren practice field, then walking out and picking them up. Then she would play another 18. She devoured voluminous amounts of ice cream to put weight on a figure that had slimmed to 89 pounds last summer. "All my friends were thin model types and I wanted to see what it would be like to be skinny, so I went on a diet," she confesses. "But it hurt my game. Last year was the first that I didn't gain any distance. So I started eating again and added 20 pounds. Now I'm hitting the ball 25 yards longer."

She also has grown fat with Business Manager Mark McCormack, the Cleveland attorney who has added the word "corporation" to golf's lexicon. She has made several television commercials, signed up with an equipment company and represents a Florida golf resort. Negotiations are under way for clothing and automobile contracts. She has made one trip and plans two others to Japan, where she has tie-ins with motorcycles, wristwatches, clothing and assorted other industries.

Baugh began her Open with a 73 that left her among the leaders, but Beauty's putter turned beastly en route to a second-round 79 that dissipated her resolution. "The Machine got caught in the mower," one of the pros cackled Friday evening. No matter. Her eventual 25th-place finish looked pretty good.

Jane Blalock's antitrust suit, filed last year after the Ladies Professional Golf Association suspended her for alleged



New attraction Baugh was a dimpled 25th

cheating, was recently decided in her favor, although the court deferred awarding a judgment pending an appeal. At Rochester the reptilian rumors surfaced again. Sharon Miller let slip at a press conference Friday that earlier this year she had considered quitting the tour because of the Blalock situation. "It doesn't make sense to me to come out here and play this game fair when she played it the way she did," said Miller. A story was circulating that on the first round Blalock had hit the ball twice on a one-inch tap-in and charged herself for only one stroke. "That's ridiculous," snapped Carole Jo Skala, who was paired with Blalock the first two days. "Why don't they leave this poor girl alone?" A USGA official who made an investigation on the spot said the rumors were totally without substance.

"This makes the Watergate hearings look boring," Blalock said with some sarcasm. "What the girls don't understand is that by getting mad all the time they're putting money in my pocket. It makes it easier to beat them." And maybe more fun. After shooting 78-76 in the first two rounds, she responded with a post-controversy 72-73 to finish tied for ninth.

Meanwhile, Kathy Whitworth, who has won 66 tournament victories in 15 years—more than the combined totals of all the Open champions since 1965—arrived in Rochester bewitched, bothered and bewildered. She has never won the Open, and last week her chances looked even poorer than usual because she was bunkered in a slump that has been eroding her game. "She's changed her swing," said JoAnne Carner. "It's not Kathy Whitworth. And it's getting worse."

Whitworth struck a couple of half-topped shots that barely logged a flight pattern in the first round and shot a 78, mostly on nerve. "I didn't expect to do well, so I'm not disappointed," she said. But by Sunday night she must have been, she ended up tied for 30th.

Indeed, the self-esteem of most of the pros should have been at low ebb on Thursday when the LPGA's top 10 averaged 77 strokes. At one time seven of the low 11 names on the scoreboard were amateurs. But Susie Berning was unimpressed. Her opening round was a 72, and afterward she injudiciously said that the course "was a joke." Next day Rochester was chuckling as she shot a crudely manufactured 77 that included four three-putt greens. That evening her husband Dale suggested she switch to an open putting stance and a lighter putter, a 30-year-old club he had purchased for $5. By the light of a flickering late-night television movie she practiced in the motel living room. As the drama on the screen unfolded, so did the answer to the defending champion's problem. After that she shot a 69 and a 72 and it was just a brisk march to a happy birthday. END

Old hand Berning totes the magic putter—a $5 model her husband produced just in time





ROCKETING OFF TO A RECORD

Little more than guided missiles, they shot down a glacier at 100 mph

by DEL MULKEY

Every July they troop up to the Plateau Rosà to run through the midsummer rite that will determine who among them is the fastest man in the world on skis. It is an exotic championship, off somewhere beyond the pale of most sporting experience, the sort of thing mad skiers do while waiting for winter to return. When they assembled for the *Kilometro Lanciato* two weeks ago there were 41 competitors from nine countries, and they all looked like they might have dropped in from Mars.

Suited up, speed skiers do not seem so much dressed as spray-painted right from the buff in pearlescent, candy-apple coatings that make their every move glitter in the sun. Their crash helmets are bullet-shaped and lacquered, their ski poles are curved to wrap around their bodies and their skis are heavy and stable, making it virtually impossible to turn. No need: the run is a glacier straightaway, 561 meters long, 65 degrees at its steepest. One aims, drops into full tuck, and lets go.

The setting is suitably storybook. Cervinia lies below on one side, Zermatt on the other; the Matterhorn looms nearby, and on bright days bikinis blossom at the 11,900-foot altitude like wildflowers in the snow. Small wonder that this year's contest evolved in almost fictional form. The championship was decided on the last run of the last day.

Italy's Alessandro Casse, 146 pounds of skintight cool, was the man to beat. He had set a stunning 114.353-mph record two years ago and the feeling was that to go any faster one would have to add jets. For three days they all tried, flickering down in bright streaks, but without success. And then Casse himself closed the show. With one perfect run he pushed the record to 114.411 mph and emerged the winner and still champ in the fastest snow game of all. **END**









Aerodynamically sound and dynemicelly fest, the racers brave the icy wall. Itely's Agostino De Zordo (ebove) was fest but winner Alessendro Cessa (left) topped his own world merk of 114.353 to eern a hug end e boost

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEL MULKEY



Baseball has an occupational disease, ranking somewhere between athlete's foot and bone chips in the elbow, known as the Affluent Athlete syndrome. Ask any Boston fan. Obviously the Affluent Athlete syndrome afflicts other ballplayers on other teams, other athletes in other sports, but with the Red Sox it seems a destiny. Red Sox players come and go. The A A syndrome remains. Red Sox managers are hired to cure it, and fired partly because they can't.

The symptoms develop roughly like this. Leroy (Whiz) Kidd (a composite drawn from the Boston experience) appears out of nowhere, hungry and on the make. He tears Fenway Park apart, a real hero with the left-field wall. In the off-season Leroy plays Jesse James on the banquet circuit. In between, uh, speeches he measures his first season's clippings. Wow! Nearly a quarter of a mile laid end to end. He asks for, and gets, a raise about the size Charlie Finley considers reasonable for the whole Oakland squad.

In his second season Leroy really moves into what is called Outside Activities. He may be striking out a lot more at the plate, but it's all grand slams with Whiz Kidd sweat shirts. Things are also going nicely, thank you, at Leroy's Bowladrome—ENTERTAINMENT IN THE LOUNGE ON SATURDAY NIGHTS. Before games Leroy spends a lot of time in the whirlpool, talking stocks. After all those banquets he even looks like a banker. He gives the impression that he's incorporated, and that the part of the corporation that plays nine innings is the least of it. Toward the end of the season Leroy begins to complain that the manager doesn't understand him. But by then he has his own private manager anyway.

Like Scott Fitzgerald characters, Red Sox heroes seem to have no second acts. The Affluent Athlete syndrome is a form of curse—one great season and no sequel. As contagious as a yawn, it attacks veterans traded to the team as well as rookies. It is a spreading languidness of the spirit—a chorus of "I'm all right, Jack" after a one-run loss. It is what makes Irishmen in South Boston barrooms refer to Fenway Park's locker room as the Country Club and to the Red Sox as the Gold Sox. Every spring, when he is tempted to dream another impossible dream, the Boston fan crosses his fingers instead, stages a wake for last year's hotshot and prays to the Great God Hustle.

The question being asked in all the Shamrock Taverns this summer is: Will success spoil Carlton Fisk? Can he escape the dread Red Sox plague, compared to which the sophomore jinx is nothing? Despite the pessimism native to a Boston Irishman working on his beer, the answer appears to be: here's an honest-to-goodness survivor, with not only a second but a third act in him. Here's an All-Star *two straight years*. Here's something that just might make first place in July last longer. August September? October! Here is Hope.

No Whiz Kidd had a better first act than Fisk (*see cover*). Up from the Louisville farm club for a look late in 1971, Fisk surprised everybody but himself by making the team in 1972. Making the team? By midseason he was the All-Star catcher, crouching behind the likes of Henry Aaron, chasing Wilbur Wood's knuckleball. He wound up batting .293 and setting a Red Sox record for home runs by a catcher: 22. He was not only elected American League Rookie of the Year but, for the first time ever, he was the unanimous choice. As handsome as Charlton Heston—and a heck of a lot more personable—Fisk had become a classic setup for the Red Sox sleeping sickness. Do their old eyes deceive Boston fans, trained to expect the worst? At the All-Star break this week Fisk has 18 home runs, three more than a year ago, and 11 more RBIs, though his average has slipped 35 points—to .275.

If he continues to escape the doom of the natives, Fisk may have two things to thank heaven for, that he is a catcher and that he is a New Englander. The two identities may be related. New England hardly nature's spawning ground for major league baseball players—has an old habit of producing catchers. It is as if only a race bred to endure the pillory and the stocks and Cotton Mather's sermons could gird up the loins (and a lot else) and squat in the dirt on 90° afternoons to stop all those fire-and-brimstone pitches while mean-looking sinners swing devil's clubs in one's face. The roll call of catching saints includes Gordon Stanley (Mickey) Cochrane, out of Bridgewater, Mass.; Charles Leo (Gabby) Hartnett, out of Woonsocket, R.I.; George Robert (Birdie) Tebbetts, out of Burlington, Vt., and Cornelius Alexander McGillicuddy, otherwise known as Connie Mack, out of East Brookfield, Mass.—all of them fighters, all of them hungry athletes to the end.

Carlton Fisk was born in Bellows Falls, Vt. just a quarter of a century ago, and was brought up across the state line in Charlestown, N.H., a town of around 1,600 inhabitants. If one had to invent a catcher's hometown, an exercise ground for character, Charlestown might be it. Horses still graze beside the main street. Three cars constitute a traffic jam. There are rockers on the porches to witness all the excitement. The showplace of Charlestown is an estate bearing the sign THE FOUNDATION FOR BIBLICAL RESEARCH AND PRESERVATION OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY. A marker commemorates a fort where 31 settlers held off an awful lot more French and Indian attackers for three days. This is the stuff catchers are made of.

"Pudge" Fisk—the nickname has stuck even though the roly-polyness has spread out to a trim 210 pounds over a 6'2" frame—was brought up on a small farm: one milker, a couple of beef cows. Mother used to put up 100 quarts of beans and carrots for the winter. There was a cold room where quarters of beef hung. The barn belonged to grandfather, who doubled as mail carrier and lived to be 96.

Carlton has two sisters and three brothers. The boys' names all begin with C as in catcher. There is Cedric and Con-

continued

THE NEW ENGLAND GRIT OF MR. FISK

Bred to the stone-hard craft of catching, he came out of a strict New Hampshire home to be Boston's All-Star ***by MELVIN MADDOCKS***

rad and Calvin. Carlton is carrying on the tradition with a three-year-old daughter named Carlyn and a 1½-year-old son named Carson. It all goes back to C for Cecil, Carlton's father. Cecil Fisk was the sort of tennis player who could win state championships from highfalutin college boys before part-time farming, his job in a machine shop and raising six kids took over. Oldtimers in New Hampshire still think of Cecil Fisk as *the* athletic Fisk.

Cecil Fisk was the perfectionist father who produced a perfectionist son. Carlton can't recall his father ever weakening into praise. Once, in the semifinals of the New Hampshire high school basketball tournament, junior perfectionist threw in 40 points and grabbed a record 36 rebounds and Charlestown lost by three points. After the game old Cecil thought a bit, then spoke his piece. "You missed four out of six free throws."

Knocking 'em dead for dour old dad, Carlton went on to the University of New Hampshire with a basketball scholarship. He hoped to be a pro until he ran into all those 6'5" guards. Baseball had always come second. As a Little Leaguer, Carlton caught for the usual reason: nobody else wanted to. Then he outgrew the equipment. In his day he has played every position except second base, but in high school, like another catcher named Johnny Bench, he was a star pitcher. When he signed with the Red Sox in 1967 for a relatively modest bonus, Carlton had to apply for a position—you know how those personnel forms are—and after a little head-scratching he put down "Catcher." Catching is not for boys who have known much better. For a boy out of Charlestown, who had played for Cecil, catching looked like the easy way to the top. With the Affluent Athlete Red Sox, as with the Charlestown Little League, nobody else seemed to want the job.

The catcher is baseball's favorite pain-collector, the man in the combat zone. What makes a catcher? First, a strong arm. Second, the capacity to absorb punishment, or so says Darrell Johnson, manager of the Pawtucket Red Sox, the second perfectionist, the second father figure in Fisk's life. One not-so-very-merry day this May, after a morning in the dentist's chair (six months' quota of pain in Joe Fan's life), Fisk traveled to the park to put on his chest protector, his shin guards, his mask—all the tools that say: here is baseball's sitting target for violence. Before the afternoon was over, Fisk had been badly shaken by a foul tip, bowled into a buzz by a runner trying unsuccessfully to score the blocking-back way and felled by a fastball square against his batting helmet. Apart from the pick and drill in the mouth and the fastball in the ear, it was a typical day in the life of a catcher.



DURABLE VIRTUES ARE BENCH MARKS OF FISK'S CHARLESTOWN

Ah, the tales among the masochists. Last season Tiger Catcher Bill Freehan managed to break his thumb twice. Freehan, like most catchers, has a spring routine: 50 pitches a day thrown at him in the dirt. In 1955 Dodger Catcher Roy Campanella's mitt hand became misshapen from fasthall after fastball thudding against a quarter-inch of padding. Doctors found no nerve responses in his third and little fingers. Next a foul tip produced a loose bone spur in a kneecap, and another foul tip chipped bones in an elbow. Then he smashed his throwing hand when he hit the bat trying to pick a runner off first. The thumb swelled to double its size, the fourth and little fingers were broken. When Campy was about ready to complain, he remembered, as a kid, catching two doubleheaders in one day in Venezuela, starting in the morning, ending after midnight. The pay? Sixty bucks a month plus, oh yes, 50 cents a day for meals. That's a catcher's story.

Darrell Johnson knew he had a real catcher on his hands when Fisk took a check swing on a high fastball. The foul tip broke Fisk's nose in three or four places. He went down as if he'd been poleaxed, so fast nobody could tell exactly what had happened. Johnson, an old catcher himself, went to the scene of the accident. "Face or legs?" he asked the kid catcher. The kid catcher answered by jumping up and digging back into the batter's box.

If a catcher is not a New Englander, he has to have the soul of one. He lives in a hostile universe, convinced that nobody understands him but God and other catchers—and he isn't so sure about other catchers. Catching is a sacrifice for which even the sternest Puritan God must grant a reward. The reward is called winning. Above all men, catchers hate to lose.

On the field Fisk's drive toward perfection, his will to win, look deceptively cool. Catchers tend to be sweaty, squat creatures with legs like a rhino's and the dirtiest uniforms on the diamond. Fisk's posture is classic. At ease, he favors a kind of Greek-statue nonchalance, one hip thrown to the side. If he wore a Rollie Fingers mustache, he could pose for a daguerreotype, chest out, arms folded, like one of those 1890s Red Stockings.

All batters have their rituals. Between pitches Fisk leans his bat between his legs like a tripod and bends over, almost without breaking his knees, to pick up dirt to massage his hands. Next he straightens, holds the bat upright before him, squeezing the dirt into the handle as he looks slowly and thoughtfully upward at the fat of the bat. Then he steps in. Fisk at the plate has no quirks. No famous

high hands like Carl Yastrzemski. No tip-of-the-bat wiggle like Reggie Smith. No crouch. He bats by the book, feet moderately spaced, shoulders level, nice fluid swing.

If most catchers look like truck drivers, they run as if the truck had just rolled over their toes. A catcher squats perhaps 200 times a game, a calf-numbing exercise. Nevertheless, Fisk is a good-running catcher, not only fast but graceful. A competitor who plays games within the game, he likes to race batters down the line when backing up first on infield outs.

Fisk is a sophisticated country boy. He knows baseball is Only a Game. He knows there are More Important Things in Life. But, oh, how he wants to win! And to make everybody else want to win, too. "Show me a meek catcher," Campy liked to say, "and I'll show you a nuthin' catcher." Fisk is in no trouble here. He may begin by trotting out to the mound and doing a Cecil Fisk psych job. "If I can get a pitcher mad enough," he reasons with catcher logic, "he'll want to throw the ball right through me. He can't do that. But he might get a couple of batters out trying."

Perfectionism is hard to contain, and once a perfectionist catcher gets going, he is carrying not only the pitching staff but a whole team of prodigal sons on his shoulders. His friends will call him a leader. His enemies will call him cocky. So be it. He wants to make things move, and for a man who really wants that, there are no off-hours.

After a road game Fisk will have a beer or two with the boys, but four is his limit. He does not smoke. If trapped at a party, he may nurse a Scotch and water. "Some guys have to work for a living" is his getaway line when a good time seems about to be had by all.

He may go to a movie—*Nicholas and Alexandra* was a favorite—or read a book. He liked *The Exorcist*. But sooner rather than later it's back to the old hotel room. There, in places as remote from Charlestown as Los Angeles, the New England conscience will climb the wall. *What did I do wrong? What could I have done better?* "I've never come out of a game when I could say: 'There. I've done everything right.' " Errors of execution he accepts as inevitable—he says—but a mental lapse can give the old New England conscience a case of terminal insomnia. *He must improve.* Each game. Each inning of each game. He must be ready to throw when there is a man on first. Absolutely ready, like precognition. He must be meticulous with inside pitches. He has known himself to drop one.

If the Red Sox pitcher has worked a good win, Fisk will feel in on it more than the other seven players—even if he fails to make a hit. If the pitcher is off, Fisk will feel in on that, too.

One particular epitaph haunts him: "He didn't really give it his best." But how does a New England perfectionist know when he's really given it his best? On summer midnights the concept of infinite hustle looks him in the face.

Last season Fisk had a roommate on the road. This season, by request, he rooms alone. It costs him, says Yankee thrift, about $6 a day out of his pocket times maybe 85 days on the road. But how else can a catcher get a good night's insomnia? By the end of June, Fisk is a tired man, so tired that sleep itself seems a chore. Once in Chicago he played an afternoon game and was so beat he wanted only to crawl back to his room and go to bed. Ah, but then he'd wake up at three a.m., wouldn't he? So he forced himself to stay up until 11:30, getting bushed on dumb TV. Then he collapsed into bed and stared at that ceiling. At three a.m. he was still staring.

In the futile 1972 pennant chase, as he recollects, Fisk caught 64 of the last 69 games. By August he is tired before a game starts. Ball games get longer, catchers squat longer. Who wants to imagine how a catcher feels after nine innings in August? Statisticians note that seven out of Fisk's first 11 home runs in 1973 occurred his first time at bat.

At the end of last season, back in New Hampshire, Fisk tried to loaf. He specially told himself he'd earned it. But the more he tried to relax, the more his left leg mysteriously stiffened. He couldn't straighten it out for two weeks. What did *that* mean? Well, for one thing: "Here [says Psychosomatic Left Leg] is a man who couldn't fall into the Affluent Athlete syndrome if his life depended on it."

The only question that remains is, can this engaging, even witty, Puritan convert Boston's unregenerate? This man who owns a couple of suits and two or three sports coats and drives a Pontiac in a league where Bill Blass originals and $13,000 sports cars are the way you tell a star.

During his sleepless nights Fisk has worked out a dream, a New England pilgrim's vision. The Red Sox—and maybe all the teams in baseball—will get hungry again. There will be rules. ("Certain rules have to be followed—no exceptions.") Players will live to play, not play to live. ("Too many guys want the baseball life—the booze, the broads, the celebrity status. Too few guys really want to play baseball.") There will be no-quarter competition for jobs. ("The kids hustle their way up. Then they think, 'I'm in the big time. I've got it made.' If more players felt insecure, there'd be better baseball.") He fantasizes a team that is a team: nine lean New England souls who have known the agonies (and joys) of demanding the absolute best of themselves. A congregation of winners.

Last summer Rookie Fisk committed the unpardonable sin: he criticized the veterans. The Carl Yastrzemskis and the Reggie Smiths should lead a ball club, he said, and they weren't doing it. Flap time in the Country Club! And Boston got into the pennant race. This year Fisk is no longer a rookie. He is a more-than-just-emerging leader himself, and as a throwback who wants like crazy to *do it right*, he is not alone. There is Outfielder Rick Miller, perhaps Fisk's best friend, a new boy who gives his all. There are at least a couple of never-quit veterans. Tommy Harper is one. There is right-hander Marty Pattin, who had a pretty Spartan upbringing himself. There's another native New Englander on the team, lefthander John Curtis, a real battler. And the tantalizing thing is that the Affluent Athletes can, and do, have brilliant days when they try to try.

Will Fisk and his elect—the young, old-fashioned men—prevail? Or will the Affluent Athletes at their worst—the Gold Sox with their invisible badges (FRANK MERRIWELL ISN'T COOL)—continue to set the Country Club tone? Tune in in late September.

Meanwhile, Carlton Fisk, in blue jeans and sneakers, looks fondly at the bricks in old Boston sidewalks as if they were building blocks in moral character, and goes into his act. "This," he says, "is the New Hampshire pace." Six feet two inches of catcher suddenly converts into a Marcel Marceau pantomime, comically slow and loose-gaited but oddly determined—sticking to the furrow. You can take the boy out of New Hampshire, but you can't take New Hampshire out of the boy. **END**

Olly as in jolly, haha as in crutch

The Alenuihaha Channel was no laughing matter: it was miles of thrashing current and biting wind that tossed the ocean racers. And it was only the beginning of the first around-a-state contest ever held

by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON

Any landlubber reading the preliminary announcements last year of a new ocean yacht race, the Royal Hawaiian Cup, must surely have conjured up an idyllic fantasy: lofty white sails, filled by gentle tropical breezes, ghosting along the enormously scenic—and sometimes inaccessible—coasts of Hawaii above sleek hulls filled with sleek people. A good cook below, and cocktails on the afterdeck. Skies ablaze with stars, and water dulcet as an inland lake—after all, the ocean is the Pacific, isn't it?

The sponsors of the race, the Waikiki Yacht Club, made no such promises, of course. The announcement simply said that the competing yachts would start off Waikiki and proceed to port, all the way around the state of Hawaii—past Lanai, past Kahoolawe, past the big volcanic island of Hawaii itself, past Maui and Molokai and Oahu and Kauai and even Niihau, the mysterious feudal fiefdom of an old kamaaina family named Robinson. The race would finish where it began, off Waikiki's Ala Wai Yacht Harbor, about seven days and 755 nautical miles later. Since neither Florida nor Alaska has managed to detach itself from the North American continent, the race would be yachting's first around-a-state event.

The club had been toying with the idea of such a race for nearly a decade, but a dissenting faction had prevailed by asking one question: how can you persuade internationally rated yachtsmen to compete in an event that begins and ends not only at the same point, but 2,000 miles from anywhere? In 1972 the ayes had it, however, arguing that the August race might attract some of the competitors in the July Victoria-Lahaina race and, if successful, surely would beguile entrants in the 1973 Transpac, another July race that ends in Honolulu.

The decision, like most decisions, was made late (too late, as it turned out, for the Victoria-Lahaina racers), but not too late for a number of island skippers. The course was plotted to provide a long beat or reach, depending on the trade winds, to the south tip of Hawaii, a straight beat up the Kau coast, a beam reach or starboard beat to the northwest point of the Big Island, and a 250-mile spinnaker reach or run around the northern shore of Kauai. Chutes also were indicated to the "corner" of Niihau, at which point the race would then go to weather all the way back to Waikiki.

Experienced yachtsmen did not share the landlubber's romantic illusion that the race would be a gentle, sunlit and moonshiny cruise around the islands. They knew from years of sailing the Transpac, the Victoria-Lahaina and the Los Angeles-Tahiti races just how treacherous the Pacific can be. They knew, too, that Hawaiian wind patterns, even the predictable ones, would require expert crew work on all points of sail. This race would be unlike the Transpac, the famous "downhill" run from Los Angeles in which contestants, after clearing mainland coastal waters, set their spinnakers and let the northeast trades do the rest.

The nine sloops that crossed the starting line on Saturday, Aug. 5 were Hawaiian owned—from *Silversword*, the Morgan 54 that won the Tahiti race in 1970, down to the five 33- and 34-footers in Class B—but their skippers and crews were cosmopolitan ocean racers. More than a dozen had Transpac experience. Others had competed in the Acapulco race, the Mazatlan, the Bermuda, the Transatlantic, the Fastnet, the Tahiti and the Ensenada. At least two had Great Lakes records, several had competed on Long Island Sound, others at Cowes and a few were veterans of South African, New Zealand, Australian and South American waters. None of them had ever raced around the state of Hawaii. Nobody had. So none of them foresaw the extent of the trouble ahead.

What they experienced, in the words of an observer aboard the 55-foot motor yacht *Pikake* that accompanied the racers as a communications center, was this. "Imagine booking a sightseeing trip through 1,000 miles of fantastically beautiful wilderness. Your vehicle is one of those big cement-mixing trucks that revolve as they go. You and five or six friends are in the mixer, which for scenic purposes is made of Plexiglas. The roads are trails: ungraded, precipitate, sometimes full of rocks, sometimes underwater. At regular intervals your friendly tour conductor shoots 50 gallons of ice water into the mixer. The truck runs day and night at about 10 mph. The mixer turns most of the time. Like the idea? Enjoy the scenery?" It wasn't quite that bad, at least not for everybody. *Silversword*, the scratch boat, slipped through a furiously confused, 12-foot sea off the Big Island without serious incident. But for some of the others, including the 48½-foot sloop *Gunsevere* and most of the small boys, it was a backbreaker.

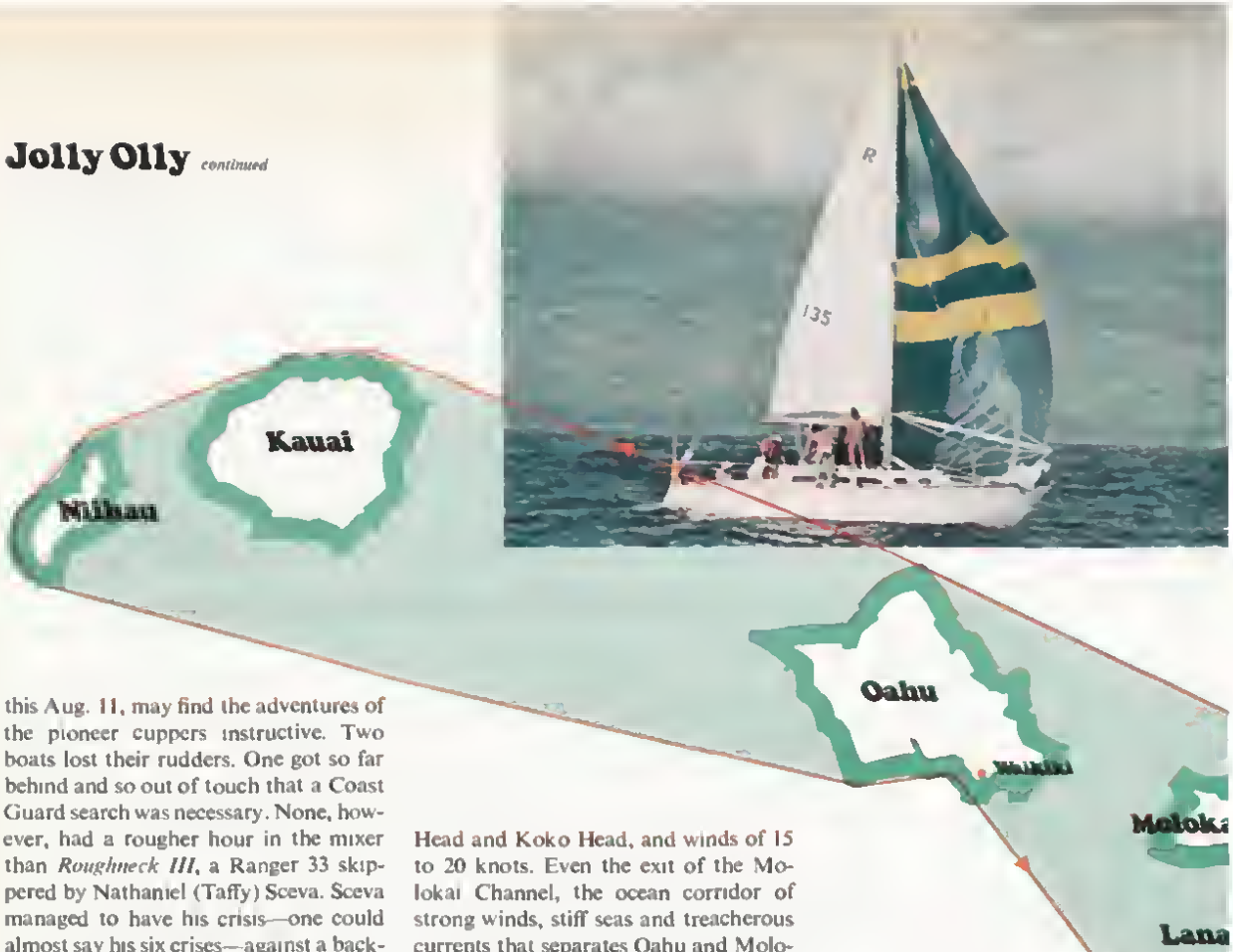
Mainland skippers, invited to participate in the 1973 cup race scheduled for

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Gusting wind roughs up "Roughneck" off Na Pali as the crew wrestles with spinnaker


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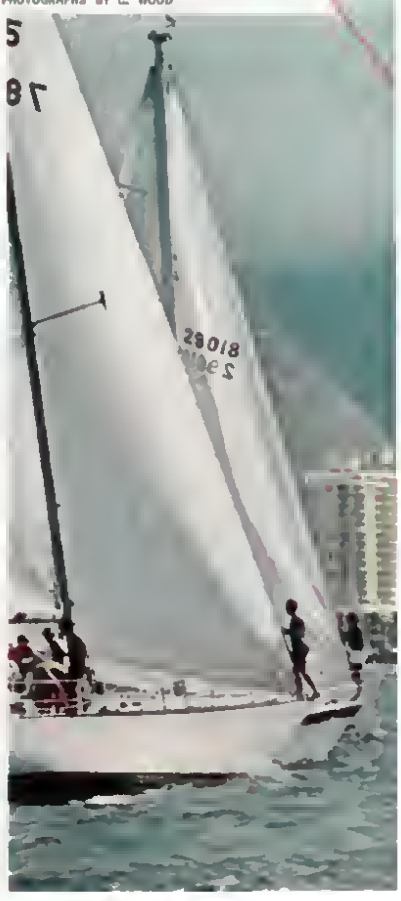
this Aug. 11, may find the adventures of the pioneer cuppers instructive. Two boats lost their rudders. One got so far behind and so out of touch that a Coast Guard search was necessary. None, however, had a rougher hour in the mixer than *Roughneck III*, a Ranger 33 skippered by Nathaniel (Taffy) Sceva. Sceva managed to have his crisis—one could almost say his six crises—against a backdrop of Kauai's brooding, majestic Na Pali coast, a Gibraltar-like upthrust of rock unreachable except by helicopter or boat. Of the nearly two million tourists who visited Hawaii last year, few saw Na Pali. Sceva and his crewmen did not see much of it either.

The battle of Na Pali was only the climactic incident in a sequence of struggles that began in deceptive quiet a week earlier. As the contestants moved out to the start, the northeast trades were blowing and the sun was highlighting the skyscrapers of Waikiki against the purple velvet clouds piled atop the Koolau Mountains. The start was uneventful, save for *Ricochet*, whose skipper, Greg Gillette, tried to slip the Newport 41 across the line to leeward of *Guinevere*. He suddenly ran out of room, sheered off and went through a needle's eye between a buoy and the committee boat, then ricocheted off *Guinevere* before circling to restart. Penalty: three hours off his handicap. Given these histrionics, hardly anyone noticed that Sceva had won the start in *Roughneck*.

As the yachts began the 200-odd mile beat to the southern corner of Hawaii, everything was beautiful—all on port tack, a bright sun illuminating Diamond Head and Koko Head, and winds of 15 to 20 knots. Even the exit of the Molokai Channel, the ocean corridor of strong winds, stiff seas and treacherous currents that separates Oahu and Molokai and has been the bane of Transpackers, dealt gently with the racers. An astonished observer sighed in relief. "Wow!" he said. "Maybe this really *is* going to be a nice, placid, scenic cruise." As a whole genre of lady mystery writers used to say, had he but known!

As the wind shifted slightly, spinnakers began to go up. Molokai and Lanai lay on the distant horizon, mere brush marks against the sky. Behind them, Maui's 10,032-foot dormant volcano, Haleakala, was swaddled in clouds. Then, brutal as a mugger's fist, the sea struck. Two- to four-foot waves became six-to-eight and eight-to-10. The wind shifted more to the east and freshened to 25 to 30 knots, and chutes came tumbling down like laundry from a broken tenement clothesline. *Carrie Ann IV*, a Ranger 33 skippered by Rodney Inaba, an American of Japanese ancestry whose crew wore skivvies decorated with the Japanese naval ensign (in less happy times U.S. troops had called it "the flaming meatball"), promptly broke her rudder and signaled for a tow.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. WOOD



The towers of Waikiki disappear behind sail of winner "Nalu" as the fleet heads for start.

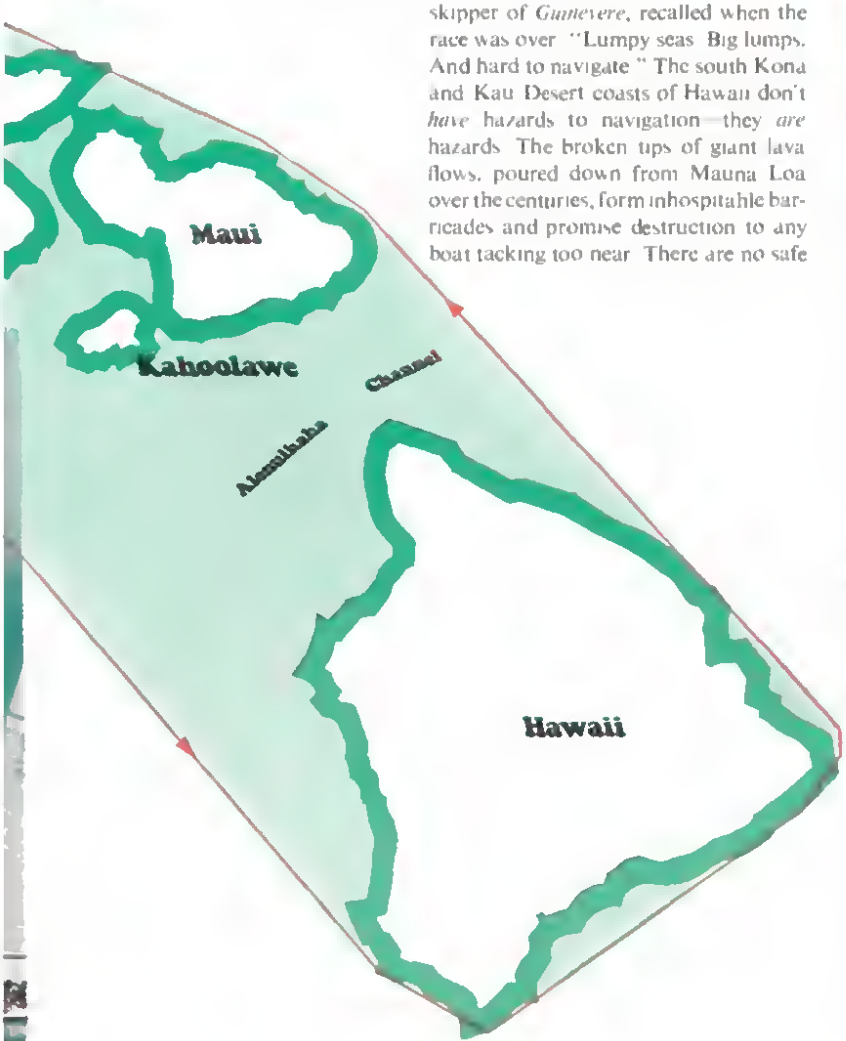
The weather calms down too much—and "Altercation" is trapped just off Mauna Kea

"Looks like we're getting into the Alenuihaha Channel," the skipper of the *Pikake* said. The Alenui what? Haha? Haha funny? Or haha sad? It was there on the charts, all right, a 26-mile-wide squeeze of currents and wind, running and blowing from northeast to southwest between the two mighty sentinels of Haleakala on Maui and Mauna Kea on Hawaii and spreading like a Japanese fan in the waters beyond. Transpac yachtsmen would do well to memorize the name. Olly as in jolly, nooey as in hooey, and haha as in crutch. In Hawaiian *ale* means to swallow or engulf, *nui* means large or great, and *haha* means to breathe hard or pant.

As is true of most ocean races, one man's ecstasy can be another's agony. The Alenuihaha finished Rodney Inaba, but Herb Hodge, sailing the Cal 33 sloop *Nalu III*, took it flying on a close reach, only to become becalmed in the vast lee of the Kona coast of Hawaii. Everyone lost his wind except Don Johnson, who guided his Ranger 33 *Altercation II* outside the lee, and Greg Gillette, who kept *Ricochet* moving.

While most of the contestants had crossed Alenuihaha before, none had ever gone around the southernmost tip of Hawaii, South Point, and all hoped to do it in daylight. Instead, they did it in the dark of the second night. It was a beat again, into the shark's-teeth of winds that gusted above 40 knots through a sea as incoherent as a political convention, a sea full of unknown and often adverse currents, of waves that seemed to move from all directions and averaged eight to 12 feet.

"It was rough, all right," Fred Smales, skipper of *Guinevere*, recalled when the race was over. "Lumpy seas. Big lumps. And hard to navigate." The south Kona and Kau Desert coasts of Hawaii don't *have* hazards to navigation—they *are* hazards. The broken tips of giant lava flows, poured down from Mauna Loa over the centuries, form inhospitable barricades and promise destruction to any boat tacking too near. There are no safe harbors. South Point is a lonely place. The great mass of Mauna Loa cuts off radio contact, and the only sizable landfall is Tahiti, 2,000 miles due south. "We were almost in a hurricane down there," Don Johnson said later. "If we start around South Point some night and the wind picks up to 100 knots, we'll lose a lot of boats."





Somewhere on the rainbow chart of "Ricochet" was trouble, she broke her rudder

When *Pikake*, which itself had endured a rough passage around the point, took the 8 a.m. roll call Monday morning, the results were alarming. *Encore* did not answer. Neither did *Nalu* nor *Vatana* nor *Altercation*. It finally was established that *Ricochet* was in the lead with *Silversword* second. Pinpointing *Guinevere's* position was a little more difficult—the big, black-hulled sloop reported itself at a latitude and longitude that put it right in the middle of the Halemaumau fire pit, 5,000 feet up the flank of Mauna Loa.

All the rest of that day and part of the following night the racers clawed their way up the Kau coast, at the beginning in an eight-foot chop with winds of 30 to 35 knots. They soon became acutely conscious that every starboard tack headed their boats, and their own tingling hides, straight for the sharp black rocks and tumultuous breakers of the

continued

lava flows. It was an eerie and strenuous ride, lit at intervals by what looked like hellfire—far up the dark loom of Mauna Loa, one of Kilauea's craters was in eruption. The agony ended with the turn around Cape Kumukahi, Hawaii's easternmost tip. Most of the boats stood out, with *Silversword* moving up on *Ricochet*. But Don Johnson, who had avoided the Kona lee, now fell into the Hilo flats and *Nalu* barely escaped them. "This race had everything," Johnson said later. "Heavy air, light air and no air."

But by nightfall of Tuesday, seven of the eight competitors were enjoying their scenic cruise. Gil Budar's *Encore*, a Columbia 43, and *Altercation* had missed the roll call because of radio problems. *Nalu's* batteries had failed. *Guinevere* was out of the fire pit and into the foam, going well on a spinnaker reach. The seas were light, the wind quickening, and only *Vauna* remained unaccounted for as the other racers moved past the ascending green and brown slopes of Mauna Kea, the spooky upward reaches of Haleakala on Maui, still crowned by clouds, and the parapets of Molokai rising above the old leper colony at Kalaupapa.

Once past Hilo, the skippers had a maximum of sail options. Some stayed on a spinnaker reach until the course bent slightly into a run. *Encore* relied on double headsails while passing Maui, and Herb Hodge in *Nalu* kept his crew busy switching back and forth from spinnakers to headsails. The same sail patterns prevailed as the boats, riding well on relatively calm seas, fetched Oahu with its stark and shadowed *pali*, its isolated Kuilima Hotel standing like a fortress at Kahuku Point, and the long ridge of the Waianae Mountains descending to Kaena, the northwestern point of the capital island. Few boats ply these coasts, and fewer airplanes.

At midmorning Wednesday the *Pikake* overtook *Ricochet*, her rainbow spinnaker filled and taut above her multihued staysail and sweeping main. *Ricochet* was just clearing Kaena for the 75-mile run across the Kauai Channel to Hanalei, and she was smoking. *Silversword* was only two hours ahead of her, and even with *Ricochet's* penalty-diminished handicap, she began to look like a winner. Her crew was ecstatic, but the Kauai Channel, like the Calvinist God who punishes pleasure with pain, was about to reimpose the agony. Three-quarters of the way across, the Newport 41's rudder gave way, and she had to come about and mouse her way back to Oahu's Pokai Bay under a jury-rig. *Pau*, as the Hawaiians say. Finished. *Vauna* was *pau*, too. The Coast Guard found her plodding along the Maui coast some 48 hours behind the scratch boat.

The east and northeast coasts of Kauai are sights sure to stun Transpac skippers seeing them for the first time. Kauai is the state's gem. On this particular day, in the dazzle of afternoon sunlight, its fantastically tumbled and pointed mountains hung against the sky like a surrealist tapestry. Only *Silversword* saw them in that light, but even at night under a Milky Way almost as luminous as moonlight peaks were visible from the sea.

Just at dawn *Guinevere* rounded Niihau, the last inhabited island between Hawaii and Midway. She sailed close to the ancient volcanic cliffs and the boulder bastions that were repelling an eight-foot sea. Niihau does not look like a welcoming island, nor is it. The Robinson family, in 1864, bought every pebble and grain of sand on Niihau and, in a sense, its 300 Hawaiians as well. Few federal or state officials come to Niihau. Tourists have a better chance of getting on the moon. In the 1972 presidential elections, one of the Robinsons telephoned the results to Kauai. On the other hand, it must be said the Niihauans are not aggressively hostile to the outside world. None of them fired on the parade of yachts that briefly passed their shore. But none waved, either.

When *Guinevere* cleared Niihau's sandy tip and set off on the 125-mile beat to Waikiki, there was one important question: where was Taffy Sceva and *Roughneck*? It was soon answered. Sceva came around Kaihu Point on Kauai shortly before noon and pointed *Roughneck* down the Na Pali coast, moving smartly through the four- to six-foot seas under a red, white and blue spinnaker filled by 25-knot winds. For a short hour the ecstasy quotient was high—few sailors have driven ocean racers along so dramatic an escarpment, an uninhabited land peopled only by the ghosts of ancient Polynesian tribes. But soon the ghosts reached out for Sceva.

The wind tore his spinnaker in two, ripping it straight across to create two fluttering, unmanageable rags. *Roughneck's* crew got the remnants in, and Sceva decided to risk his big blue and yellow chute. Up it went, but with the wind gusting to 35 knots the crew failed to get it on the winch. For a few minutes the spinnaker held, but then the masthead halyard let go, and suddenly the chute was out in front of *Roughneck*, wrapping around the spinnaker pole to starboard. Maneuvering furiously to get the kite under control, Sceva almost set *Roughneck* on her beam ends, and two of the boat's three winch handles washed overboard. Then the bridle holding the spinnaker pole broke.

Crewmen, scrambling to stay aboard, eventually got the spinnaker down. Meanwhile, as a temporary measure the genoa went up along with a tallboy staysail. Unchastened, Sceva ordered the blue-and-yellow up again, the pole having been jury-rigged. This time she was winched to the top, but the absence of the other winch handles made it impossible to keep the chute in position. Sceva jibed, jibed and jibed again, but the spinnaker repeatedly dipped deep into the water and finally blew abeam and then astern. By now *Roughneck*, which through all this had been blown along at nearly 15 knots, was clearing Na Pali and approaching the Barking Sands. "Take it in!" Sceva told his crew, and for the second time the blue and yellow chute came down. As *Roughneck* straightened out for the run to Niihau, she looked stripped—down to her mainsail, and the jib not yet up. It had been just 40 minutes from the time the red, white and blue spinnaker ripped apart. Scenery? Cement mixer!

The beat home from Niihau was testing but not terrifying, an exercise in going to weather and in avoiding the flats in the lee of Oahu's Waianae Mountains. *Silversword* was slowed, but still slipped across the Waikiki finish line at 3:29:20 on the morning of Aug. 11, once again proving that the longest is usually the fastest. Skipper Slim Lambert said later that if *Ricochet* had not broken her rudder in the Kauai Channel "she'd have beaten me going away," a tribute to the helmsmanship of young Gillette. *Encore* came in about 12 hours later, and *Nalu* two hours after that. *Altercation* also had Waianae flat trouble and finished in the dark—at 2:31:10 on Aug. 12—followed an hour later by *Roughneck*, who ended up fourth overall despite her Na Pali ordeal. Alas, poor *Guinevere*! The black-hulled beauty was a DNF. She ran into the buoy mark at the offshore limits of

the finish line in the early darkness of Aug. 12 and was disqualified. And *Vaiana*? She made it, but her skipper, Dr. Stephen Aglinskas, did not bring her in until 5:52:35 on the morning of Aug. 13, eight days after leaving the start.

In ocean racing, of course, first to finish is not the key to the trophy closet. Corrected time, the seagoing equivalent of a golf handicap, determines winners and makes it worthwhile for a little boat to fight a big one. Most of the small boys in the Royal Hawaiian Cup race fought well, but none quite as well as Herb Hodge, the gaunt young Honolulu stockbroker who commanded *Nalu*. Heading for home, he made a critical strategic decision. Off the south end of Niihau he decided not to tack immediately toward Oahu, but to keep away from the flats that extend out 20 miles or more. All day and through the ensuing night, he kept *Nalu* on a port tack, sailing a little farther away from the wind than the plotted course. In the morning he was 30 miles or so south of Oahu and was able to turn for home with a favorable wind. Favorable enough, in fact, to put *Nalu* across the finish with three hours to spare on corrected time and win Herb Hodge the Royal Hawaiian Cup, not to mention the Class B championship. *Altercation* and *Roughneck* were second and third in that division, while *Silversword* won Class A over *Encore* and finished second overall.

A fortnight after the race the skippers met to critique the committee, the course and their own efforts. They agreed that all boats should have radios capable of reaching the communications boat, and preferably the Coast Guard. And they agreed that South Point is a hazardous place to sail.

How did the race compare with others in which they had participated? Most felt that no one race can be called the toughest. "It depends too much on the weather," Fred Smales said, noting that in 1960 and 1972 the Bermuda Race was a bloodcurdler, but that in between it often had been a drifting match. But there was a strong consensus that the Royal Hawaiian was the most challenging because it required skill at all points of sail and, except for the Buenos Aires-Rio de Janeiro race, the most work to windward. And they agreed they would like to do it again. Which they will next month, with all Transpac entrants invited.

Downhillers, beware! **END**

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STRIKING A BLOW FOR CHRIST



Night swoops into southwestern Kentucky like a big blackbird, flooding the valleys and scaling the mountains, painting away the lingering glitter of the sun. Mike Crain, director of the Judo & Karate for Christ Camp, stands at the podium above the congregation of Wells Chapel. Although an ordained Baptist minister, Crain wears the loose robes of a karatist, with a second-degree black belt. It is an outdoor chapel, roofed against rain, with bare bulbs teardropping from plain sockets, tossing light over the solemn faces of Crain's congregation, leaking artificial yellow out into the night.

"I can slice a banana in half on your neck, sever a potato on your hand. I can break 12 inches of concrete with my head. I'm a hardheaded, barefooted Baptist preacher and I have a special power." He has a backcountry voice that rises and falls in a song of words and beats out a rhythm like a hillbilly guitar.

"There are all kinds of power in this world," twangs Crain. "Black power, white power, social power, political power, pucker power. But the greatest power there is and will ever be is God's power. The Bible says God's power is sharper than any two-edged sword." Crain pauses and Master Dan Pai, a 240-pound eighth-degree black belt Kung Fu karatist and former Buddhist monk who now teaches philosophy at Enfield College in

Karate and religion combine in a Baptist preacher's ministry, with the faithful finding strength and seeds of contemplation in slashed watermelons and split concrete

by LEE GUTKIND

Connecticut, joins him on the platform. Splinters of a 300-pound block of ice that Crain broke with his hand minutes before drip wet on the floor behind them. Pai signals and three boys come up, dropping to their hands and knees, side by side. This will be just one of the many karate demonstrations given by Crain and his troop each year, but because it is the first for the camp both men are sweaty and visibly tense.

Pai signals again and two others emerge, slim, short-haired, perhaps 14, in white shirts and ties. The fourth youth lies on his back atop the pyramid of boys and a watermelon is placed on his stomach. The fifth is positioned alongside the pyramid and a watermelon is wedged between his hands and stomach. Pai pulls a blindfold from his robes and wraps it tightly around his eyes. The congregation is suddenly entranced. There is hardly a sound. Even Crain has opted for silent prayer.

Then Pai draws a silver samurai sword from its sheath. Nobody seems to breathe, except for Pai, who raises the sword slowly above his head. It is as if the motor of life had suddenly come to rest, so loud is the silence in this glowing chapel in the Kentucky backcountry where two young boys hold a measure of death against their bodies.

"KIIAA!" Pai yells as the sword flashes in the light down onto the pyramid. "KIIAA!" he screams as it slashes left against the standing boy.

The pyramid remains steady, but the watermelon, sliced in two, rolls onto the platform. The severed half held by the fifth boy, his knees buckling, splatters to the ground. Both boys frantically dig under their shirts to check their stomachs.

It is not the most remarkable feat ever performed. It is, on second thought, somewhat senseless. But for a split second, even for the unbeliever, it is stunning. The congregation suddenly bursts into feverish applause.

The place is Camp Joy, in Brownsville, Ky., 90 miles south of Louisville. Crain leases Joy from a federation of Baptist churches for his Judo & Karate for Christ Camp, which he holds once a year. About 150 adults and children attended this session. They came from Missouri, Florida, Ohio, California, New York—college students, cub scouts, a 42-year-old Teamster, a clerk working his way through law school. They came from the Philippines, Colorado, Louisiana and Maine, some of them rank amateurs, others with black and brown belts. Some came to learn what is advertised as an equivalent of six months' self-defense training for $39.50, including room and meals, others to acquire new techniques and earn an advance in rankings. But most came to gain spiritual as well as physical strength and prowess, to listen as the 28-year-old minister speaks the words of the Lord.

The next morning at seven, on the field down by the chapel, everyone is doing calisthenics. Pai, the Spartan in his karate uniform, was there long before anybody else. Crain falls in with the rest of the campers, some dressed in fatigues, others in Levi's, shorts or pajama bottoms. This is a kind of boot camp for civilians.

"Down for push-ups," barks Pai. "Up-down, up-down, one-two. I want 50 push-ups. Push till you can't push no more. Up-down, one-two!" His voice rolls like the waves of the South Seas. "They got to get in shape," says the 42-year-old Hawaiian-Chinese. "I know. I live and breathe karate 24 hours a day. I give up two wives for karate. Nothing more important than karate."

Sit-ups, splits, knee bends, practice punches. "Now run, my people, run. Run till you think your legs fall off. You having fun? You having good time? You like this? Run, people, run." He is relentless. An hour of calisthenics, half an hour for breakfast, 15 minutes for clean-up, 15 minutes to dress. Then back to the field. They run from the chapel to the graveyard, about 250 yards down, churn up a high hill, bend around a huge white cross standing on top of it, then back 250 yards more. "Run, my people, run. Move, move, move." Around and around they run.

Later they trot down the road that leads into Brownsville where, in the town square, they begin to spar. A lady with peroxide hair is matched against a man with a puffy belly. Boys vs. girls, friend fighting friend, Crain against congregation. "They must learn to hit, they must learn to defend themselves," says Pai. "Choke your opponent," he yells. "I don't want you to hug and kiss him. Harder! Harder! Are you enjoying yourself? Choke, choke, choke!"

They spar, they run in place, they run in circles. They trot out of the square, leaving the townspeople in their straw hats and coveralls gawking in amazement, then around the block, back up the hill and into camp, down to the field where they intermittently run and spar some more. No smoking, no resting. Periodically, like seconds in a boxing ring, mothers bring water to the families. "Drink and run," one lady shrieks to her gasping husband. "Don't let him catch you loafing."

Lunch, rest period, games, then down to the field for more. Instruction for fighting with swords and Nun An Chuks (two clubs resembling blackjacks, connected with a short nylon cord). Defense against rapists, muggers, gangs with knives. There is dinner and two hours of additional workouts afterward. Then half an hour to dress for chapel. "You people like this? You love it? Move, move, go, go, go," Pai beats out the ongoing rhythm of the week.

What is surprising is that nobody quits, or refuses to work as hard as ordered, or jokes, or curses, or complains. One could more easily understand if all were children, playing Spartan, experiencing hardship together. But at least a fourth of the participants are businessmen, craftsmen or professional men, many past 40. Yet they perform with the zeal of religious fanatics, a fervor brought on by what could be an unwavering commitment to karate, Christ or both.

"Do you love Christ?" Pai yells above the thunder of 300 feet slapping the hot pavement.

"Yes," his congregation echoes.

"Then run faster, jump higher. If you gonna be Christian, you gotta be strong. Are you Christians or are you quitters?" Pai yells.

"Christians!"

"Who do you love?"

"Christ!"

"I can't hear you."

"CHRIST!"

"Religion and karate are taught together, but as the Bible instructs, we are nonviolent," says Naomi Crain, who travels with her husband as he speaks and demonstrates karate in schools and

continued

churches across the country. "We're teaching self-defense."

"Karate comes from the Buddhist monks who are the brothers of God," says Master Dan Pai. "Buddhists and Christians agree that man must be physically powerful to teach God's word."

"A lot of people think Christians are sissies," a college junior from Tennessee points out. "This proves we're not."

"If people are converted under Crain's ministry," says a man from Madisonville, Ky., "then I say praise the Lord."

Indeed, a number are converted. Each night after chapel four or five campers remain, in response to Crain's urging, "*to invite Christ into their lives.*" They are taken into the shadows by Crain's assistants, who read to them from the Scriptures. It is difficult to gauge the dedication and long-range sincerity of commitment, but for a week, at least, it is held honorably.

There are, of course, some murmurs of dissent. A psychology instructor from a Midwestern university says, "This is Crain's particular brand of sensationalism, but I don't think he should try to high-pressure me into it. I refuse to respond when Pai asks us to holler for Jesus Christ."

"I came for karate," says a girl from Louisiana. "I hear enough about Christ at home."

A high school student from Missouri concurs: "I don't think it's possible to get the equivalent of six months' self-defense in five days, especially with all the time devoted to religion. And I resent the high-pressure tactics to buy equipment and souvenirs."

Kung Fu patches, mouthpieces, insurance policies ("Just in case you get a tooth knocked out," says Crain), Judo & Karate for Christ T shirts and books—*God's Smuggler*, *The Drug Bug*, *The Cross and the Switchblade* and *The Christian and LSD*—are for sale. Swords, knives and Nun An Chuks are available "at discount prices" according to Crain, who begins chapel each evening with a polite commercial.

Some of the younger campers purchased equipment before instructions were given on using it. Many played baseball during free time with Nun An Chuks and stones. Professor Ken Regenitter, the jujitsu instructor, carried his Nun An Chuks to chapel in a holster belted to his waist like a handgun set for a quick draw.

"These kids should learn to use this equipment," says Regenitter, who owns a jujitsu school in Kansas City. "It's part of our art. They won't hurt themselves. I wear them all the time. I don't think the government considers them dangerous weapons, although I could knock your head off with them."

Although Pai is the master sergeant, it is Crain's charisma that keeps the congregation together. "I've attended this camp for two years now," says a 57-year-old trainman for the Erie Lackawanna Railroad. "Mike has taught me that a good Christian must be physically strong. I am preparing, as the Lord says, to resist all evil."

"This is a camp of God," says a policeman from Bowling Green, Ky. "Mike is supplying training for mind and body. There's nothing to physical strength unless God's strength goes with it. And there's nothing greater than working for the Lord."

From Heaven's Keyhole, a quarter-mile above Camp Joy, the sun pours gold into the valley, and the trees climb up the mountain slope to where green-tipped branches puncture the sky. Crain could hear the voices of the camp from where he stood, and the trucks rumbling far below on Highway 31. He is short, powerfully stocky, with hair falling over his forehead in a straight line of bangs. "While in college I gave a karate exhibition, and a preacher told me I ought to use my karate for Christ. I like that phrase, 'Karate for Christ.' I give karate demonstrations so that people will come and listen to me. I speak about the horrors of drugs, the problems of sex. The flesh is weak. Then I invite them to services that evening. My karate gives me the authority to speak to young people. It establishes rapport. God doesn't make preachers like halonies in factories, you know. We're all different."

Crain pauses to flick a tick from his sleeve. He is silent for a full minute, then declares, "Because they are egocentric it is not easy for karatists to practice religion. Karate gives them an extra power, and they relish it. But it is an untapped ministry and I speak their language. We're not teaching violence, we don't want people to kill. Muhammad Ali doesn't go around picking fights. He doesn't have to prove anything. He has unquestionable power, and so do we. That's why we have this camp. Many come for karate and we give them that, but we also teach Jesus Christ. Everyone attends chapel, that's one of the rules. Spiritualism and wholehearted faith are integral parts of sports."

The superevangelist Billy Graham, who was 1971 Grand Marshal of the Rose Bowl Parade, agrees. "There are probably more really committed Christians in sports, both collegiate and professional, than *in any other occupation* in America," Graham has said. "The Bible says that lying around is morally dangerous for us. Sports keep us busy."

From the solitary shade of Heaven's Keyhole, Master Dan Pai can be heard exclaiming, "To be the best in karate you must dedicate your lives to Christ."

Crain shrugs. He starts to work his way down the hill, back into the valley where he will give a sermon and break 18 inches of concrete with his elbow that night. **END**



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There's this foul situation in Baltimore. To considerable publicity and fanfare, the Orioles this season installed two attractive girls—**Ginger Redding** and **Sue Spence**—to retrieve the foul balls that end up around the borders of the playing field during a game. In all the cheering for this coup, no one thought to ask what happened to the former foul fetchers. So **Paul Evans** and **Gary Eisenberg**, who were demoted to the ground crew, have spoken up on their own. What burns them most is that the girls are paid $2 more ($7 vs. $5) than they are, but they call a couple of other strikes, too. "The girls are there strictly for show, with those halter tops," Eisenberg says. "They catch about 10% of the balls. We used to catch about 70%. The girls arrive half an hour before the game. We arrive three hours ahead. In the ninth inning we're told to relieve the girls so they can get out before the crowd. And the fans give us dirty looks when we do." Oriole groundkeeper Pat Santarone is an unimpressed boss. "If those boys can dress up and look as good as the girls, I'll pay them $7," he says.

Dr. Ted Fox, the Chicago Bears' team physician, usually works on people like Dick Butkus. But there is little resemblance between Butkus and a recent patient of Fox's, Actress **Carol Channing**—except, perhaps, that Miss Channing incurred her broken wrist by getting involved in a fistfight. Appearing in the musical *Lorelei*, she tripped during a fight scene and fractured the wrist while falling down. There was some talk of advertising *Lorelei* thusly: "See Carol Channing with an all-new cast." Plastered.

How did Baltimore Colt lineman **Elmer Collett** spend the offseason? "Gold mining in California," Collett says. "Once I got $50 worth in four days." But it wasn't a money-making proposition, mostly because Collett and a friend did their placer mining near a prison camp from which two convicts escaped. "We woke up one morning staring at a couple of .22s," Collett recalls. "They stole our truck, all our gold, $3,000 worth of equipment and two antique rifles. Then they drank all our beer. That made us really mad."

When 11-year-old **Jack Nicklaus II** arrived at the Scioto Country Club, where his famous father was introduced to the game of golf, he walked into a real struggle—with the course, with his competition and with the rule book. Jack the elder used to dominate the younger division of the junior match-play championship at Scioto, and young Jackie reached the finals of the same event this year before losing in two extra holes. But he had a hard—and instructive—time getting past the first round. On the 14th hole his opponent, **Greg Veit**, couldn't find his tee shot and went back to the tee to hit another ball. Jack II, meanwhile, impatiently took a couple of practice putts on the green. Quite properly, Veit claimed the hole. That gave him a one-up margin, which he retained to the 18th green. Needing a 12-foot putt for victory, young Veit couldn't stand it. He turned to his father and said, "I don't want to win by calling a hole." He picked up his ball, conceded the 18th and went into a playoff, which was won by Jackie.

All right then, who is that odd character in the bright red shorts operating a strange-looking device on the Cleveland Stadium outfield grass? Why that's **Paul Lindblad**, the Oakland Athletics' relief pitcher. The device is a metal detector. Lindblad collects coins—not rare pine tree shillings, but the ordinary devalued kind. He takes his metal detector with him on trips and gives every park he visits a housecleaning, picking up change that has remained after the crowds.

● **Kathy Kusner**, the only female member of the U.S. Olympic equestrian team, has become this country's only female Learjet-rated pilot. Miss Kusner joined the jet set after meeting Bruce Sundlun, president of FJA, a charter jet service, and an avid jumping fan. Already equipped with a commercial pilot's license and a glider rating, Kathy mentioned that it might be fun to get a jet rating, and Sundlun put her through his training program. After 40 hours of ground school, 14 hours of flying and some additional time in a flight simulator, Kathy was set to jet.

British runner **David Bedford**, meanwhile, spread out his widest smile as he piloted a victory spin the day after clipping a remarkable 7.4 seconds off the world record for the 10,000 meters at London's Crystal Palace. Bedford had previously kept his reputation for flightiness intact by running back and forth in front of the press box after his record effort and treating the journalists to a derisive gesture with one hand while blowing kisses to the crowd with the other.





Philly gets a trio to cheer

In Philadelphia, the city of fraternal love and athletic disaster, there is a renaissance going on. Those lovable, laughable, incompetent Phillies are being reborn. With Director of Player Personnel Paul Owens wheeling and dealing and with Danny Ozark, a graduate of the Walter Alston school of baseball, playing the strong, silent manager, a combination of other teams' rejects and farm-system stars has been molded into a club with a future.

If you were a Phillie in recent years you had no hope; there was no sunshine. You put on a uniform, went out and got beat, then went home to a quiet evening away from the boos and the catcalls.

But today, with an unlikely trio of outfielders stepping to the front, the Phils are a team to be reckoned with. They believe in themselves and have others believing in them. Sparky Anderson, a man familiar with the makings of a pennant winner, having shaped two of them in his three years as manager of the Cincinnati Reds, found himself joining the ranks of new Phil fans just last week.

Two of the three Phillie outfield heroes—Greg Luzinski and Del Unser—hit doubles in a game against the Reds, contributing to two runs, and Jim Lonborg, the former Cy Young Award winner from Boston who is being rescued from baseball's scrap heap, stranded 13 Reds—four of them at third base—for a 2–1 win.

"They're not far away from being able to win the Eastern Division," said Anderson. "By next year they could challenge."

The Phils have pulled themselves up on some fine young pitching by All-Star Wayne Twitchell and Ken Brett, a slugging lefthander who set a major league record by hitting four home runs in four consecutive starts. The pair has outshone the one true Philadelphia celebrity, Steve Carlton, who is struggling along at 9-10. In addition, the team has good speed and perhaps the best defense in the National League. And finally there is that outfield of Luzinski in left, Unser in center and Bill Robinson in right.

What these three have accomplished is extraordinary. It all began—or at least a third of it began—two years ago when Robinson, coming off a minor league year at Tucson and knowing that he was ticketed to play next at Eugene, Ore., thought he might retire. But Margaret entered his life and he gave her his hand. No, this is not a love story. Margaret reads palms.

"She told me I should stay in baseball," says Robinson. "She said she saw me and another person being the stars of the club. Joe Lis and I had spectacular years at Eugene and were the stars."

Margaret saw more. "A man with a lot of money will come into your life and take care of you," she predicted.

Surely she meant Bob Carpenter, then the owner of the Phils.

Bill Robinson looks back on that palmy day with awe and pleasure. He since has become the player everyone once thought he would be. Moved into the leadoff spot several weeks ago by Ozark, he responded with a three-for-five night. In 19 of the 20 games in which he has led off he has hit safely, for a .366 average. For the year he is among the top 10 hitters in the league with a .321 average. Robinson is not a bad fielder, either. Last Friday in Atlanta he saved a victory for the Phillies with a leaping, against-the-fence catch of what appeared to be a certain two-run homer hit by the Braves' Dusty Baker. "I'm not sure how I made it," said Robinson. "I guess it was my high school basketball training." At that point the fence was a six-foot-high padded gate. Said Ozark, "He hit that gate so hard he broke a hinge off."

This is the man who in 1966 went from Atlanta to the New York Yankees in a trade for Clete Boyer, hit a home run in his first at bat and was billed as another Mickey Mantle by the ever-optimistic New York press. But Robinson was not another Mantle. The pressure got to him and he fell on his face.

"It got so I dreaded going to Yankee Stadium," he says. "Now I'm taking the game the way Willie Davis of the Dodgers said you should take it. 'It's not my life and not my wife, so why worry about it?' Willie said. Well, that's how I am now. I'm 30, but I'm playing baseball the way I did when I was a kid. I'm enjoying it."

Del Unser is enjoying the game, too, something he had almost forgotten how to do. "Last year was murder," he says. Which is understandable—last year Unser played for Cleveland. "I needed a change of scenery. And did I ever get one. From that dismal, empty park in Cleveland to Veterans Stadium."

Unser, the No. 1 draft selection of the



EYE-OPENING OUTFIELD: THE BULL, LITTLE DEL AND THE PALM READER'S CUSTOMER

Washington Senators in 1966, woke up one morning last month to find that his .345 batting average was best in the National League. The figure was doubly impressive since the Phils had had limited plans for him. Shortly after being traded to Philadelphia last December, Unser read that Ozark had said he had been acquired as a pinch hitter and late-inning defensive replacement.

"I was upset," Unser recalls. "I had never met Danny before but I spoke to my father, a scout with Cleveland, and told him I wanted to call the man. He told me Ozark was a fair person, so I called. I said I wanted the chance to play every day."

"I liked that," Ozark says. "It certainly made me take a better look at him this spring."

Ozark also liked what he saw. Unser dropped his hands down to the end of the bat, used a lighter model, stopped slapping at the ball and began to hit with authority. One night he won a game with a home run against St. Louis and the fans gave him a standing ovation, a rare thing in Philadelphia.

"They're different, but they're basically good fans; you've got to learn to understand them," says Luzinski, a 22-year-old who is becoming an expert on Philly fandom.

Six-one, 220 pounds and nicknamed The Bull, Greg Luzinski has heard both the boos and the cheers. Neither has affected him. He just keeps swinging in his fashion, which is a display of tremendous power. "In a couple of years, as soon as he learns to lay off all the junk pitches, Luzinski will be capable of hitting 60 home runs," predicts Sparky Anderson.

"I think it's possible," said Luzinski matter-of-factly when informed of Anderson's view. "I'm only 22. I have the ability and the strength. It's just a matter of how fast I learn and improve on my skills."

Luzinski's homers are prodigious. His first big-league home run, off Reggie Cleveland of St. Louis, landed in the fifth level at Veterans Stadium and was the longest at that time ever hit to left. He also got a 500-footer off Burt Hooton of the Cubs that hit the top of the Liberty Bell display in the Vet, which is in dead center. Then early this month he hit a shot over the scoreboard in left-center, a drive the Phillies are calling the longest ever hit in the park.

"I'm just glad when they go over the fence," says The Bull. "The name of the game is to hit it over. How far over is just extra. Think of Henry Aaron. He's challenging Babe Ruth's record, but he doesn't hit a lot of monstrous home runs."

That Luzinski is hitting home runs at all is a tribute to the patience of Ozark. Greg got off to a very slow start this year, his second in the big leagues. At the end of May he was batting .207, with three homers and 14 runs batted in. Since then he has been hitting .332, with 14 homers and 48 runs batted in—a most productive seven weeks.

It is no coincidence that when he started hitting the Phils started winning. "When I hit, we win," he says succinctly. And when Robinson and Unser hit, the Phillies look like a team from another town.

THE WEEK

(July 15-21)

by MARK MULVOY

AL WEST When Oakland Manager Dick Williams was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy, the Athletics sent him a get-well telegram. The vote to do so, said locker room wags, was 13-12. Vida Blue presumably was among the nays, in view of his comments after lasting nine innings to beat the Orioles for his first win in three weeks. "Around here you go four innings and Williams says, 'See ya later, Vida,'" Blue complained. "If you don't get three runs ahead in the first inning you know you won't go nine. Throw two balls and four guys get up in the bullpen. Nolan Ryan has thrown two no-hitters this season. I've done that eight times already, but they were all in the bullpen."

California's Ryan became only the fourth pitcher in baseball history to post two no-hitters in one season as he struck out 17 Tigers in Detroit. Four days later in Anaheim, Ryan stopped the Orioles without a hit for seven innings before Mark Belanger blooped a single into left-center field. Although only 20,823 watched Ryan flirt with Johnny Vander Meer's 1938 feat of throwing back-to-back hitless games, it was the Angels' largest non-promotion weekday crowd in five years.

Meanwhile, Wilbur Wood became the first pitcher in 55 years to start and lose both games of a doubleheader as the slipping White Sox lost five of seven. Wood failed to retire a single Yankee in the first game, then gave up a grand-slam home run to Roy White in the second.

Bonus Babies David Clyde of Texas and Eddie Bane of Minnesota continued to pitch impressively. Clyde stopped Milwaukee with one run for seven innings but was shelled in the eighth. "It was stupid on my part," said Texas Manager Whitey Herzog. "A high school kid isn't conditioned to go that far." In his next start Clyde held the Tigers to one run through six innings, then left after giving up a two-run homer to Bill Freehan in the seventh. Bane, who tries to pattern his techniques after Whitey Ford, baffled the Yankees with his junk for five innings, but then a debatable balk seemed to unnerve him and the Yankees quickly scored three runs. "They wouldn't have called the balk on me if I wasn't a rookie," Bane suggested. "They have to show me a few things." Bane now wants to copy some of Ford's alleged tricks. "I haven't tried to rub the ball on my belt buckle yet because I don't think they'll let a rookie get away with it," said Bane. This drew a retort from Ralph Houk: "The only similarity between Ford and Bane is that they are both left-handed."

Outraged at Umpire Merlyn Anthony's anti-Kansas City decision on a surprise pickoff attempt, Royals Owner Ewing Kauffman suggested that his "visualization" course, mandatory for KC players, be made compulsory for umpires, too. First Baseman Kurt Bevacqua had a better suggestion. "From now on," he said, "before the game I'm going to tell the umpire that when that play is on I'll give him a wink and he'd better be ready."

OAK 58-42 KC 54-48 CAL 48-47
MINN 48-47 CHI 48-48 TEX 33-61

AL EAST Sam McDowell, no ball of fire this season when he was employed in San Francisco, pitched successive shutout victories for the Yankees over the Royals and the White Sox as New York swept two doubleheaders while winning five of six games. Once again McDowell seemed to be throwing the live fastball that had made him Sudden Sam. "As long as I have the heat," McDowell said, "I'll stay with it."

Baltimore won five of seven games despite facing a succession of five no-hit pitchers on the West Coast. The Orioles beat Jim Hunter and Ken Holtzman, lost to Vida Blue and Bill Singer and battled Nolan Ryan through almost 11 innings, finally defeating the Angels 3-1. Designated hitter Tommy Davis had 12 hits in 27 at bats and beat the Angels one night with a two-run single in the ninth. "My legs and feet have been through two lifetimes," Davis said. "A man

continued

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would think I'm on social security if he saw me from the waist down."

Boston Catcher Carlton Fisk *(page 22)* complained about mental fatigue, then hit a home run to help beat the Twins. Outfielders Tommy Harper and Reggie Smith both hit four home runs for the Red Sox, and Harper also won a game with an infield hit, but Infielder Rico Petrocelli was glum. Once again he said he hopes this is his last year in Boston. Detroit, meanwhile, lost five of six and fell 5½ games behind the Yankees in the divisional race.

Milwaukee and Cleveland had internal problems. The Brewers suffered their biggest loss when Pitching Coach Bob Shaw resigned after a verbal squabble with General Manager Jim Wilson, a former pitcher himself. Preferring to forget that Jim Colborn has developed into a 13-game winner already under Shaw's tutelage, Wilson apparently blamed Shaw for the pitching misfortunes of Bill Parsons this season. A 13-game winner each of the last two years, Parsons has won only three this year because, Wilson claimed, Shaw altered his delivery.

According to writer Russell Schneider of the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, the Indians' best delivery was a punch to the face thrown by Coach Joe Lutz. The recipient: Schneider. "It was a hard enough blow to set my ears ringing," Schneider said. Unfortunately, the Cleveland players hit too lightly and lost four of six.

NY 56-43 BALT 50-41 BOST 52-43
DET 49-47 MIL 47-47 CLEV 35-52

NL WEST

"It looks like I'm hitting a lot of home runs in losing causes," said Henry Aaron. True enough. Aaron hit No. 698 against Tug McGraw but the Braves lost to the Mets. He hit No. 699 against Wayne Twitchell but the Braves lost to the Phillies. And then he hit No. 700 against Ken Brett but the Braves lost to the Phils again. With Aaron's quest rather more compelling than the team's, few fans seemed to mind. "I like to get those nice round figures," Aaron said after No. 700, which left him only 14 short of Babe Ruth's record. "Now I can start counting down." Aaron guessed correctly that Brett would be throwing a fastball, and he deposited No. 700 into the lap of Robert Winborne, 18, in the left-field seats. The Atlanta management gave Winborne *700 silver dollars for the ball.* Aaron hastened to point out that Brett had not grooved the pitch. "Tell the commissioner that," he said.

The Dodgers rolled on, winning five of seven and moving 6½ games in front of second-place Cincinnati. One reason: Los Angeles has committed 17 fewer errors than it had this time a year ago. Little Fred Norman won his seventh game in nine starts for the Reds, which lost only one all week, as Pete Rose hit .429. Probably the most important Red game was in practice one morning with Gary Nolan and Roger Nelson as the opposing pitchers. Expected to be the Cincinnati stoppers, Nolan and Nelson have been sidelined by sore arms. Now they may be ready to help the Reds chase the Dodgers.

Rookie Elias Sosa of the Giants saved one of Juan Marichal's two victories by striking out Jose Cardenal of the Cubs with the bases loaded. "I knew I could get Cardenal out," Sosa bragged. "I always do." Marichal shuddered when he heard what Sosa had said. "I hope his words don't come back to haunt him," Marichal said. "Every batter in this league must be feared. Elias is young. He'll learn that even if he thinks some things, he shouldn't say them."

Houston fell 12 games behind the Dodgers and the Padres lost four of six.

LA 63-35 CIN 58-42 SF 55-43
HOUS 52-45 ATL 45-55 SD 38-63

NL EAST

Once 8½ games ahead of the pack, the Cubs slipped out of first place for about six hours but quietly regained their lead when Al Downing of the Dodgers three-hit the onrushing Cardinals 3-2 in St. Louis. It was a dismal time for Chicago, which had lost eight of its last nine games. In one Billy Williams was at bat with the tying and winning runs in scoring position in the last of the ninth but was called out on strikes. In another Glenn Beckert, always among the toughest players to strike out, was called out with the tying and winning runs on in the ninth. And Jose Cardenal's lucky T shirt fell apart.

The Cardinals experienced only a mini-slump, losing three straight before Bob Gibson beat the Dodgers for his second victory of the week. Gibson, however, hurts the concession profits when he pitches: his 11 complete games have averaged one hour and 57 minutes. With Dave Cash away on military duty, Rennie Stennett took over at second base and hit home runs in three straight games for the Pirates, who now are only three behind the Cubs and the Cardinals in the loss column. Philadelphia Pitcher Wayne Twitchell prepared for his win over the Braves by working out with the reserves at Camp Drum. "I threw in fatigues and combat boots up to my mid-calf," he said.

Montreal began a body shuffle with its farm teams, exporting three players and importing three others, but nothing helped as the Expos lost five of seven. The last-place Mets rallied for seven runs in the ninth inning to beat the Braves 8-7 one night, with Willie Mays driving in the tying and winning runs, but long-lasting miracles remained to be found.

CHI 51-45 ST.L 50-45 PITT 44-45
MONT 44-50 PHIL 44-51 NY 41-51

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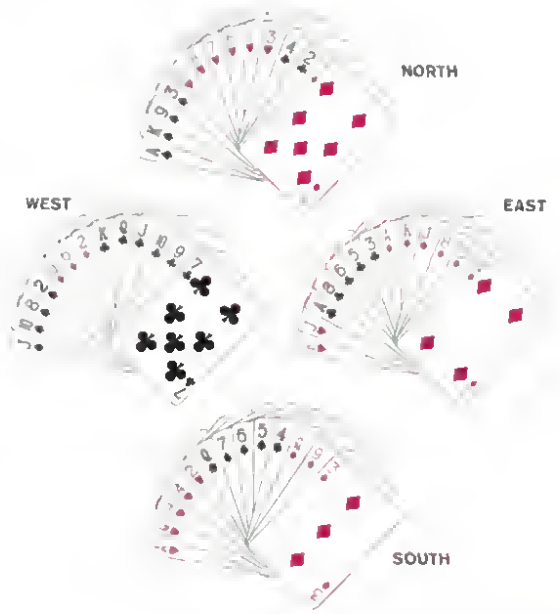
Here is one tall story that is true

Bill Root stands tall among bridge teachers and players, both in reputation and in height. But at 6′9″ he was regarded as only "average" when he played recently on a team from the New York area that included Dick Budd, a runt at 6′6″, Jim Linhart, who stands eye to eye with Root, and Harry Stappenbeck, who barely slips upright under a 7-foot doorframe. It would be hard to assemble a taller starting lineup of equal talent. Indeed, we may never see the likes of it again.

This winter Root will be going back to Florida, where he spent most of his life before moving to New York in 1957 and becoming the most successful bridge instructor in the East. He will teach in Florida during the winters and return each summer to Southampton to serve as bridge guru for some of the top golf and country clubs on Long Island, in Westchester County and in New Jersey. All of which means he will have little time for tournament play. His New York team will be hard put to find a replacement of such stature.

Root is a man who disproves the old saw, "He who can does. He who cannot, teaches." In addition to his teaching Root has won six national titles and has twice competed in world team championships. As an example of his playing prowess, consider this deal on which he was the declarer for the tall team.

East-West vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH (*Root*)	WEST	NORTH (*Stappenbeck*)
1 ♦	1 ♠	2 ♣	3 ♠
4 ♠	5 ♥	PASS	PASS
6 ♣	PASS	PASS	6 ♥
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of clubs

At the other table Linhart and Budd (East-West) were allowed to play and make six clubs, losing only a diamond trick. When the auction went as shown, however, Stappenbeck bid six hearts as a sacrifice, figuring that vulnerable opponents would not bid a slam unless they could make it. Root applied the same thinking to guide his play.

A spade opening would have set the contract from the start, and under some circumstances East's double would have called for that lead. In 1929 Theodore Lightner recognized that a penalty double was likely to gain very little when the opponents had bid to a slam voluntarily and suggested instead that the double be used to direct partner to an unusual lead that might be required to set the contract. But the Lightner double conventionally does not apply to leads against sacrifice bids. In this hand West's only thought was to score a big penalty, so he tried for a fast club trick, assuming that sooner or later he would collect a spade trick, anyway.

Root ruffed the club lead and considered East's cue bid in spades. He concluded that it was honest and that the odds therefore were against his dropping the king of hearts. To ensure getting to dummy for a heart finesse without giving West a chance to get in and play a spade for East to ruff, Root led the *queen* of diamonds. East had to win and was helpless. He continued clubs and Root ruffed in his hand, trumped a diamond in dummy and led a heart for a winning finesse. After the ace of hearts had gathered in East's king, Root's only remaining problem was to avoid a spade loser. The play of the queen of spades confirmed East's void, and on the next spade West split his honors to force dummy's king. But Root was able to return to his hand with his last trump and pick up West's remaining spade honor by leading toward dummy's ace-9.

The result was 1,210 points, which when added to the 1,370 made by Root's teammates at the other table produced a towering reward for the tall team of 21 international match points, only three short of the maximum number of IMPs that can be scored on one hand. END



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Jipcho is hitting his stride



Early morning motoring along the road between Kenya's capital, Nairobi, and its affluent suburb of Karen can be a dangerous business. Around 6 a.m. a mist hovers above the pavement and commuters on the way to the city occasionally collide with waterbuck, warthog, baboon and other species that have strolled over from nearby Nairobi National Park. Worse yet, the road is Benjamin Jipcho's favorite morning training route, and drivers risk bumping him in the fog.

This would not only be a blow—Ben Jipcho is Kenya's newest and most popular folk hero—it also would be something of a sporting switch. Lately it has been Jipcho who keeps running down others, not on Kenyan roads but on Scandinavian tracks. In a series of stunning performances in the two weeks between June 19 and July 3 Jipcho 1) broke the world record in the 3,000-meter steeplechase by one second with an 8:19.8 at Helsinki, 2) eight days later sliced a remarkable 5.8 seconds off that record when he ran 8:14.0 on the same track, 3) clocked a 3:52.0 to become the second-fastest miler in history in a meet in Stockholm, and 4) came back the next day to win the steeplechase in 8:18.2, the second-best time ever recorded.

As if this were not enough, Jipcho's Scandinavian summer is not over yet, nor is his love affair with the loyal fans who turn out to cheer him there on bright evenings. After a brief rest in Kenya, he returned to run in Oslo and Stockholm this week—all by way of warming up for Aug. 3 and 4 when he will be competing in the U.S.-Africa meet in Dakar, Senegal.

At 30, Jipcho has emerged this summer as his sport's most versatile and impressive runner, the successor to former teammate Kipchoge Keino who joined the professionals last February. "Ben can still do even better," Keino said last week and Jipcho, though modest, tends to agree. "I am certain I can go well under 8:10 in the steeplechase," he says, "and with a perfect track and the pressure of a world-class field, I think I might even do it someday in under eight minutes." In the mile, only Jim Ryun has clocked faster times than Jipcho—3:51.3 in 1966 and 3:51.1 in 1967, which is still the world record but a mark that looks in jeopardy now.

At Dakar, Jipcho plans to enter the steeplechase, the 1,500 meters and possibly the 5,000 meters, just the sort of ambitious schedule Keino used to enjoy. It is the timetable of a man with definite goals in mind and Jipcho has two big ones: he wants to break the world record for the 1,500 meters, and he wants to be the first to break *any* world record on African soil. While he is still 3.5 seconds short of Ryun's 3:33.1 mark at 1,500 meters, he can imagine a dream field—including Keino, Ryun, Filbert Bayi of Tanzania, who paced Jipcho to his 3:52 mile, and Dave Wottle—that could produce a new record. "If that race ever happened," he says, "whoever wins would have to run 3:30. If I were inspired that day, maybe I would do it."

Since it is most unlikely that a race between pros and amateurs could come about soon, Jipcho may have to try with less than a dream field, say at Dakar. "Ron Clarke of Australia said it cannot be done, setting a world record on an African track," Jipcho says, "but I will show him someday."

Until this year, Jipcho had always been in Keino's shadow. But now he has new status: two weeks ago, arriving home from Scandinavia, he was treated to a hero's welcome by a brass band—appropriately from the Kenya Prisons Department for which he works as a lecturer in penology and as a phys ed instructor. And also there to greet him was Keino.

Jipcho went off on a three-day vacation with his wife and three children at his farm in the tiny village of Chepchahai near Mt. Elgon, some 250 miles from Nairobi, then returned to the capital again, once more to run the pavement toward Karen in the early morning mist, wearing his red, yellow and green warm-up suit. He does eight training miles a day, confessing, "I must discipline myself to do it, for sometimes in the morning the blanket is so sweet."

With a trim 150 pounds on his 5'8" frame, Jipcho feels he is at his peak. "This is the time to try for records in the shorter distances," he says, "while my muscles are still supple. Maybe when I'm old—say 33—I'll try the 10,000 meters. Now I run whatever I feel I can do best on a given day." Jipcho even claims that he does not mind losing once in a while. "It is not good to win all the time," he says. "If you always win and then lose, it may get you so down that you might never win again."

Such a dire future will never loom for Jipcho if the Scandinavian fans have a say in it. In Helsinki an estimated 25,000 spectators were in a bedlam over Jipcho's record race. A crowd of 18,120 packed Stockholm's 61-year-old Olympic stadium to watch "the colossal duel [between Jipcho and Bayi] for a world record in the mile," as one reporter described it. They saw the 20-year-old Bayi set a blistering pace with Jipcho settling 10 yards behind. Then as Bayi began to fade and Jipcho passed the Tanzanian with 75 yards to go, the Swedes were on their feet to cheer the winner of the fastest mile ever run in Europe.

"That, maybe, was my best race so far," Jipcho says. "The crowd was chanting *Jip-cho, Jip-cho, Jip-cho*. Imagine those people, total strangers, cheering for me. I was inspired." END

The Eagles warm up for a fast takeoff

Training camps open up, and the NFL's normal July antics abound. Is there a Ouana Thomas? Will Craig Morton? Won't Larry Brown? But forget the fuss at the top and look down where two new birds have landed

Mike McCormack should be excused if he seems to think winning in football is the normal state of affairs. After all, he played the game at Cleveland under Paul Brown and he coached it at Washington under Vince Lombardi and George Allen. What could he possibly know about losing? But can the new head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles really be serious when he says, "I'm planning on winning this year"? With the Philadelphia Eagles?

As a matter of fact, he is, and he hopes to get started right away. McCormack fully intends that the Eagles will win all six games on their preseason schedule, which begins next week. "The value of winning now," he says, "is having the players gain confidence in what we're doing. It's the selling of our program."

If his team gets off to a fast start it could be the beginning of something decidedly new for the Eagles, who have had but one winning season in the last 11 years. In 1972 they reached a previously unimagined nadir: their season total of 145 points was the lowest in NFL history and they scored just two touchdowns on the ground. On their current highlights film the only real highlight is the footage of this year's draft choices.

McCormack refuses to worry about past performances. "I've always been successful in what I've done," he says unselfconsciously, "and I believe what I'm doing here is the right way to win." What he is doing—and who could argue with him given last year's results—is totally rebuilding the Eagle offense, starting at quarterback.

Philadelphia has not had a first-rate field leader since Sonny Jurgensen was sent to Washington in 1964. In the team's biggest trade since that bleak deal, McCormack has acquired Roman Gabriel, as unabashed an optimist as his new coach. No sooner had Gabriel pulled on an Eagle uniform for the first time than he predicted a Super Bowl victory for the team within two years.

Gabriel's credentials have been clouded by a miserable season at Los Angeles last year when he suffered a collapsed lung and then an injury to his elbow that made him look like he was throwing a change-up whenever he passed. But he holds virtually all of the Ram passing records and was voted the league's Most Valuable Player in 1969. Some critics have questioned his intelligence, but the 6'4" quarterback owns the NFL career record for lowest interception percentage, a statistic often used in praise of Bart Starr's canniness. With his arm apparently sound once more, Gabriel certainly ranks among that coterie of top quarterbacks who can turn a bad team into a reasonably good one.

Nor did McCormack stop his dealing there. In the hope of putting together some semblance of a ground game, he gambled by getting Baltimore Running Back Norm Bulaich, whose considerable potential has been held in check by chronic leg problems. Needing blocking, he used the Eagles' two first-round draft choices and a second-rounder to pick Texas Tackle Jerry Sisemore, USC Tight End Charles Young and TCU Guard Guy Morriss, a trio that could end up composing the entire right side of the offensive line. Still, McCormack's goals are most optimistic. The rest of the Eagles are, after all, just about the old birds who



McCORMACK, A STUDENT UNDER BROWN, LOMBARDI AND ALLEN, DOES SOME TEACHING



ROAMIN' GABRIEL FINDS ANOTHER HOME

finished the 1972 season with five straight losses and a 2-11-1 record.

When Owner Leonard Tose went shopping this winter for a new head coach and general manager, he asked Cincinnati's Paul Brown for some suggestions. Brown admitted that his own hand-picked successor was McCormack. "Paul's recommendation was so strong that I had to wonder if there wasn't a blood relationship there," Tose said.

McCormack admits that he has studied his mentors' successes. "All three men were different in their programs," he says. "Paul is a fundamentalist, mainly a teacher. He works on basics at an excruciatingly slow pace. Vince was a teacher, too, but he was more concerned with physical work. He convinced his players that they'd be in such great condition that nobody could stand up to them. George is a great motivator, and I learned quite a bit from his trading philosophy. But the one common strain I saw running through all of them was a belief that their way was right, that they need never deviate from it. That's what I hope to be strong enough to do."

On the Eagles' training field at Widener College in Chester, Pa. the McCormack coaching method leans most heavily toward Brown. He even describes his assistants as teachers. "This is the most organized camp I've ever been in," says Cornerback Nate Ramsey, who has been with the Eagles longer than any of his teammates, "and that's what football is all about. And Mike respects his players as men, which sometimes has not been the case on this club. Mike's added life to this team."

The effects of McCormack's years in Washington are less apparent, but there is no mistaking the strains of Allen when he says, "I think the days of building programs are over."

Indeed, the future is now for the Eagles, or better be, and just to make sure no one missed the point, McCormack outbid Allen for the 32-year-old Gabriel. Gabriel's medical problems began on the first day of training camp last year when he suffered his collapsed lung, and were compounded by the sore elbow. When doctors were unable to satisfy Gabriel, he decided on his own to take a stab at acupuncture. Even though that treatment eventually checked the soreness, the Rams did not want to gamble on Gabriel's full recovery. They obtained Quarterback John Hadl from San Diego, neglecting in the process to tell Roman what they were up to. Gabriel demanded to be traded, and soon McCormack and Tose were negotiating with the Rams.

Initially the price was higher than the Eagles wanted to pay, but McCormack had learned his lessons well. A year ago he said of Allen, "George is the Godfather of traders. he makes offer after offer until he finally comes up with a deal they can't refuse." McCormack stayed on the telephone until the Rams agreed to accept All-NFC Wide Receiver Harold Jackson, reserve Running Back Tony Baker, a first-round draft choice in 1974 and a first and third in 1975. When the inevitable charges that he was mortgaging the future arose, McCormack might well have asked, "What future?" Instead he explained, "Roman will have played two years of football for us before they can cash in those 1975 draft choices. But I'll admit that I probably wouldn't have been able to make that trade before I met George Allen."

Early practices have indicated that the elaborate process Gabriel has developed to keep his elbow free of pain is successful. Before each workout he soaks his arm in a bath of paraffin heated to about 125°. After practice he immerses it in an ice-cooled whirlpool.

During the off-season, primarily because he was scheduled for no operations (he has had four on his right knee), Gabriel finally had a chance to fulfill a three-year-old ambition and study kung-fu under Gus Hoefling, a disciple of the school of James Wing Woo. Kung-fu stresses exercises developing greater flexibility, and when McCormack saw how supple his quarterback had become, he invited Hoefling to camp to see what he could do with the tight leg muscles that have hampered Bulaich's career.

Bulaich has always had trouble with muscle pulls in his legs. Near the end of a brilliant season two years ago with Baltimore he caught a short pass from Johnny Unitas in a game against Miami. Linebacker Mike Kolen hit Bulaich's left leg from behind as Norm's right one slipped forward, causing him to do a split. Then 250-pound Manny Fernandez landed on him. The result was three torn muscles. They never healed fully, and last season he made about as many appearances as the Loch Ness monster. The Colts grew tired of waiting, so McCormack dealt off some more of the future to obtain him.

After practice, Gabriel and Bulaich retreat to a corner of the field and practice kicks and twists and assorted other movements that look like a warmup for a ballet lesson. "This flexibility is going to keep me from pulling muscles," Bulaich says. "I don't feel that my legs are gone, and that's all that matters."

Last Saturday a surprisingly large crowd of 8,000 gathered to watch the Eagles' first full scrimmage. Bulaich showed some of his old leg power, sprinting outside for five good yards on one run when he found the inside closed. Gabriel threw without pain, but also without a completion in four attempts.

"Gabe's arm is 100%. He was nervous today," said McCormack. "It's a new team for him and there's pressure because of all the rumors that he has a sore arm. He threw one pass today, and the hoos started. Then the whole team rallied around, patted him on the tail and said, 'See what we told you about playing in Philadelphia?'" It's an old custom. Philly fans will break just as soon as the Eagles get rid of some old traditions of their own. **END**

With a huff and a puff

The only trouble with the race is its title. In this day and liberated age, Powder Puff Derby seems a touch too contrived and cute for such a serious challenge. Still, the country's foremost women pilots are stuck with it by tradition and copyright, and away they went last week, 184 competitors on a 2,543-mile transcontinental dash that proved to be anything but puffy.

This year's Derby brought 104 planes to the starting line at Palomar Airport in Carlshad, Calif. The pilots—ranging from young daughters to seasoned grandmas—came from as far afield as Australia, South Africa and West Germany. And there was not a won't-somebody-help-poor-little-old-me posture in the bunch.

With each plane rated on a mile-per-hour basis, the winner is the flyer who crosses the continent with the largest margin over handicap. Thus, a 150-hp single-engine Cessna 172 (handicap 119 mph) could beat a 320-hp twin-engine Piper Comanche (handicap 187 mph) by averaging, say, 150 mph (plus 31) to the Comanche's 200 mph (plus 13).

"I suppose there are a few buhhle-heads among us," said Trina Jarish, a 31-year-old flight instructor from Costa Mesa, Calif., before the Derby started, "but at least 30 of the planes in this thing are potential winners. The gals who fly them work very hard at winning. It's not the first prize of $5,000 they're after, they love the competition and they're good at it. Racing against them, you can't make mistakes."

Jarish, who was in her sixth Derby, knows well what mistakes can mean. A slip at the finish line cost her the championship in 1970. Leading the race, she zoomed down at Bristol, Pa., only to discover that she had crossed above the wrong runway, the rough equivalent of missing a buoy in yacht racing. She had to circle back to make the correct crossing, lost a precious minute and was dropped to third behind winners Margaret Mead (no, not the anthropologist) and Susan Oliver (yes, the actress).

"The toughest part of the whole race is deciding when to fly and when to wait," said competitor Gini Richardson. "Finding a good tail wind and riding along with it is the secret." And there were plenty of opportunities to make such spot decisions this year. Between Carlsbad and the finish line at Elmira, N.Y. there were eight timing checkpoints, three of which were must stops at which all planes had to land, even if only for a short break. The planes also were restricted to flying between sunrise and sunset and could set down for the night only at designated fields.

For Jarish, last week's race almost started out the way 1970 had ended. On the opening leg between Carlsbad and Prescott, Ariz., she made a mistake in math, calculating that she was going only 14 mph over handicap when she was actually cruising 24 mph over. "My speed seemed too slow, so I thought it better to land and wait for faster tail winds," she said later. "When I found out the truth, it was too late to go on and make Albuquerque by sunset. The ones who made it there picked up good tail winds the second day. And I got almost none."

But then she came on strong. With faultless addition and winds that were obviously good enough, she brought her Beechcraft Bonanza into Elmira by the afternoon of the third day with a figure of plus 16.138 over her 184-mph handicap. None of the 23 other soloists in the field could match that mark, and her winning finish also was good enough for a fourth-place position overall.

A couple of other Powder Puffers had more adventurous trips. Approaching Albuquerque in her Piper Cherokee, Shirley Weinhardt, a youthful-looking grandmother from Williamsport, Pa., had a fuel-tank switch failure. The engine quit and soloist Weinhardt made a landing atop a 1,100-foot mesa, buckling the nosewheel and putting a few dents in the Cherokee, but none in herself.

Heading into Waterloo, Iowa, Wanda Cummings and co-pilot Ava Carmichael ran out of fuel and landed in a cornfield four miles short of the airport. The farmer rushed out and thanked the flyers for devastating his $2-a-bushel corn instead of a nearby field of soybeans, which are selling for $7.

Meanwhile, overall winners Marian Burke and co-pilot Ruth Hildebrand also got just the right huffs and puffs from the wind on the coast-to-coast trail. On the morning of the fourth day they were still in Topeka, 1,246 miles from the finish line. They winged away five minutes after sunrise, covered the distance in one long day and won by just over 19 mph.

But despite the long grind, the race still managed to come down to a final feminine twist. Each of the two-woman teams, wearing matching flight costumes, would step out of their aircraft in Elmira looking quite splendid in everything from orange hot pants to Robin Hood miniskirt outfits in bright green silk and velvet. It was recognized as an important moment. How important? Marjory Robbins of Los Angeles and Shirley Thom of La Canada, Calif., had pasted a card with the code word GUMPL on their dashboard as a checklist reminder of what to do when coming in for a landing. The first four letters concerned gas tanks, undercarriage, fuel mixture and propeller pitch. The final letter stood for "put on your lipstick." Well, a few such dainty touches are permissible. Especially in an event that clings to a name like Powder Puff Derby. END



TRINA JARISH: AT LAST, IT ADDED UP

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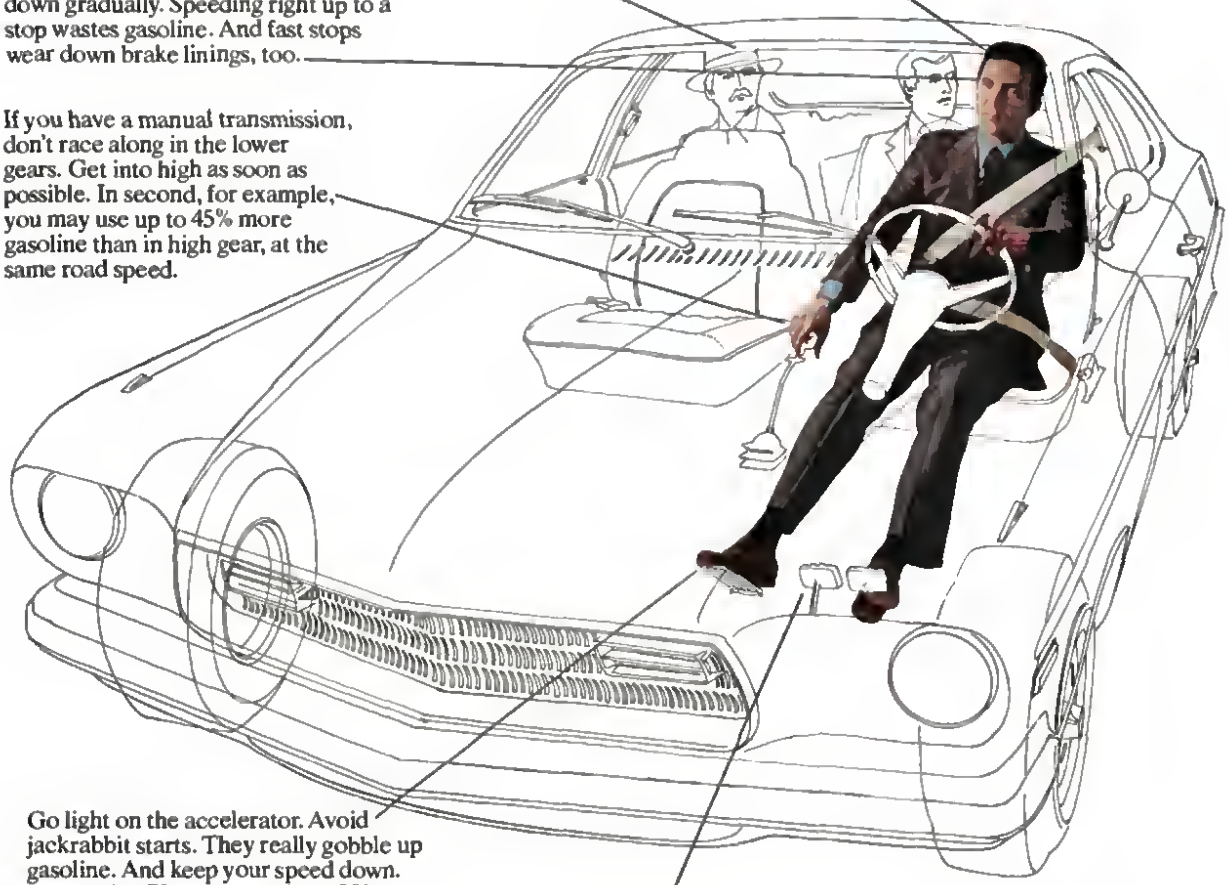
Remember to keep your car properly tuned up. A poorly tuned car actually uses 5% to 8% more gasoline.

Form car pools. A car that's sitting in a garage doesn't use any gasoline at all.

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Anticipate stops. Look ahead for red lights and stop signs, so you can slow down gradually. Speeding right up to a stop wastes gasoline. And fast stops wear down brake linings, too.

If you have a manual transmission, don't race along in the lower gears. Get into high as soon as possible. In second, for example, you may use up to 45% more gasoline than in high gear, at the same road speed.



Go light on the accelerator. Avoid jackrabbit starts. They really gobble up gasoline. And keep your speed down. A car going 70 mph uses about 25% more gasoline than one going 50 mph.

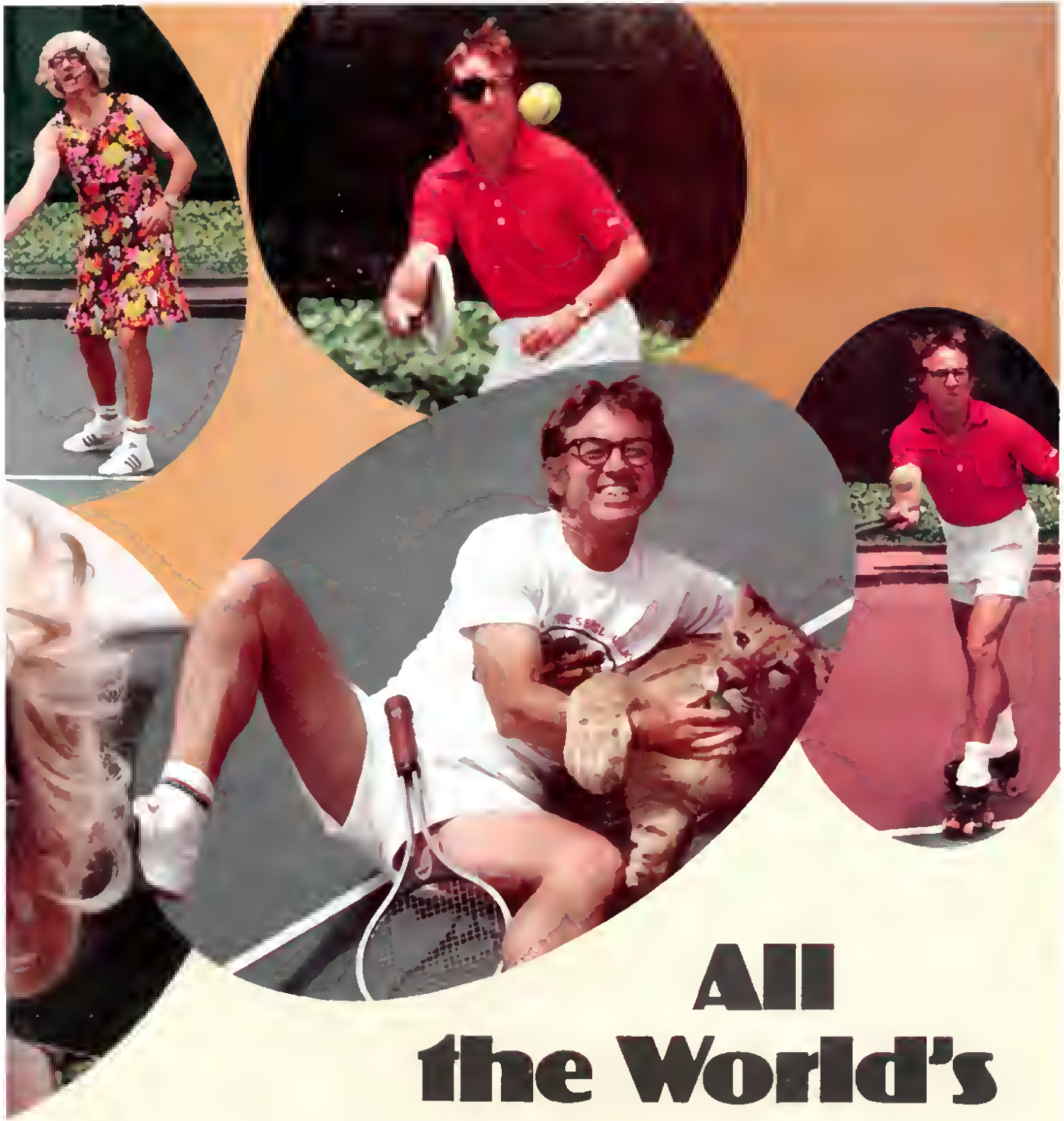
Don't ride the brake. Even light pressure on the brake pedal, especially with power brakes, makes your engine work much harder and wastes gasoline. So brake only when you need to slow down or stop.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG



All the World's a Stage

And all the men and women merely players—especiolly women—soys Bobby Riggs, that near golden-ager who with his racket has found a pot of gold and something for more dear to him, the stimulating heot of the limelight and the sweet music of opplause

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

CONTINUED

To call back the days, a labor into which he is regularly being forced now due to the urgings of the prying media and his own curiosity, it is almost as if he must look over his shoulder and discover a different life not his own. A name engraved on a silver bowl. A waxed figure, white on green. A dead man and a proper requiem. In point of fact, this is exactly what he does find. For we—and he—put Bobby Riggs away a long time ago.

He was buried in yellowed clippings showing grainy men in long pants beside the frame buildings and on the manicured turf surfaces of Rye and Newport and Southampton and Seabright. He was buried in the lost columns of Tex and Jinx and of Cholly Knickerbocker where he shared the bill right alongside a young Jack Kennedy and an active Alice Astor Obolensky von Hofmannsthal Harding Pleydell-Bouverie.

Bobby Riggs played tennis with kings of Europe, played footsie with queens of Hollywood, won Wimbledon once, Forest Hills twice, the World Professional Championship four times, took a honeymoon on an ocean liner and then was buried once more in a family photo album entitled, "Centre Court, Plandome, Long Island."

There he vanished into a stone mansion with canopied porches, gabled roofs and greenhouses; into gin rummy dens, "sociable" golf games and country club obsolescence, into pictures processed by his wife's family photography business, where he took on the role and appearance of a John P. Marquand executive: The Late George Apley perhaps—with racket.

Bobby Riggs would leave all that, too. He would move to California and throw his treasury of trophies into a bin at an apartment complex health spa. He would hustle his tennis and backgammon games, flip his coins, deal his cards and exchange cash with everybody around. He would sit with his brother Dave in their townhouse and sometimes drink 10 Heinekens a night, slurring his words, growing loud, acrid and cruel; falling, as he would say later, "completely out of it."

But all of that was before Margaret. It was before Ramona, before his ingeniously labeled game of "sex tennis" caught hold and before another Bobby Riggs came out of aging obscurity to, in true gamblers' parlance, "knock in" one half the human race. This Bobby Riggs was trim and hard. He ran laps, popped vitamins, abstained from liquor and weed, admitted to 55, looked 45, acted 35 and talked 25.

For seven days in May this duck-walking, half-blind, half-deaf old and young Bobby Riggs outsympathized the POWs and outbulletined the Oval Office. All he did was beat a woman in tennis.

Even now, running helter-skelter with no visible means of protection from the onslaught of offers from movies, television, records, jigsaw puzzles, animal food, countless other commercial interests and the pack of agentry ten-percenters who latch onto instant celebrities like ticks on a hound, Riggs is a wonder to observe. Sign to play Billie Jean King? You bet. And he does, and already it's a $300,000 deal in what was a pitty-pat



racket just five years ago. He is in syndicated cartoons, matches free throws against Dick Van Arsdale, plays tennis with Hank Greenberg, putts against Joe Louis. Ethel Kennedy is on the phone. John Wayne is down the street. Mickey Rooney wants to do his life story.

Photographers pose him on roller skates, in rocking chairs, jumping benches; carrying umbrellas, suitcases and buckets of water; wearing boxing gloves, anglers' waders, dresses and wigs; and even holding on to a baby lion. Like all the rest, this did not faze Riggs. He was driving out the gate of his apartment quarters and realized he would be late for the picture. Somewhat confused but not breaking conversational stride, he instructed a bewildered gate man in stern tones, "Tell the lion to meet me on court one."

Armed with his reputation as a wit's man, his hustler's spirit and a wordly knowledge of the dangers as well as the benefits of his position, Riggs seems capable of resisting all attempts by others to take advantage, to make him over into the hustlee. But the game may be getting too big even for Riggs.

His new agent, Jerry Perenchio of the Ali-Frazier Fight of the Century fame, has bought Riggs for about $75,000 from Jackie Barnett, the Hollywood promoter who put the Riggs-Court TV package together. Perenchio wants Bobby to be cautious, and advises him not to return phone calls from the press and to hold his tongue in public. Even Bobby's own brothers warn him about showing "proper decorum" in appearances—as if he were a small boy. As one man close to the endorsements scene says, "Riggs is the hottest thing around right now, and he could go as high as Spitz, maybe five mill. But there are a whole lot of sleazies grabbing for him; he better watch it or he could get burned."

Lest people forget, what Riggs is accomplishing here with his scheme of man

against woman is no small feat considering that he started out all by himself. The match against Margaret Court was his doing and only his. He dreamed it up, nurtured it for three years and plugged away until the papers were signed. He always has possessed that rare ability—like Muhammad Ali, Casey Stengel and Lee Trevino—to say the identical thing seven or eight times over in a different way to give the a.m. and p.m. newspapers and the TV and radio boys all fresh slants. So he went to work with such catchphrases as "match of the century," "battle of the sexes," "Mother's Day hustle" and the like.

Since beating Court he has kept busy throwing out bright and trite new lines reminding the public he is "the heavyweight women's tennis champion of the world" and that there are all kinds of deserving challengers around. He and Chris Evert are "Bad Bob and Cinderella, the Beauty and the Beast." "How could Bad Bob want to beat up on little Chrissie, America's darling?" he moans. "I'll even have the men against me in that one."

In any discussion of King, whom he presumably will play sometime after Labor Day on closed-circuit—or maybe open—TV, Riggs seldom neglects to mention Billie Jean's "big overhead and bigger mouth. I'm the Jane L. Sullivan of tennis," he says, "and she's one of those damn Libbers, the lead Libber, in fact. That's it—the Lobber vs. the Libber. But I'm not too confident. Oh, no. I'll only bet my house and car on this one. I really want her bad."

In truth, though he practices valiantly to equate his promotions with the philosophical differences inherent in the fight between male chauvinist pigism and Women's Liberation, Riggs has only a vague idea what the larger dispute is about. Last month 28-year-old Larry Riggs, who sees his father infrequently, was quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* as saying Bobby always becomes "furious" when he sees Gloria Steinem on TV. In reality, if Riggs watched any television at all (which he does not) he would be hard pressed to pick out Gloria Steinem from Big Bird.

"Who is Steinem? Who is she? You know who she is, Dave?" Bobby laughingly asked of his brother the day after reading his son's remarks. Dave said yes, he knew. "You're lyin'," said Bobby. "Bet you a hundred you're lyin'."

Not long after his victory over Court, Riggs got a lot of mileage out of an application to the Virginia Slims tour ("since there is no sex after 55 anyway") where he said he would wear a dress if need be. Long after his request was turned down he kept pumping away at its promotional potential.

Whether Bobby Riggs was so far ahead of everybody else in his recognition of a man-woman gimmick as a potential bonanza or whether he stumbled onto it by dumb luck is moot, but evidence supports the latter view. If his admission, in unguarded moments, that he never dreamed an intersex match would skyrocket the way it did is not proof enough, then the fact that he—Bobby Riggs, the consummate hustler—was hammered, nailed, riffed and hustled right out of his tiny size seven sneakers into signing the original TV contract for peanuts certainly is. Surely even Riggs was as ignorant and as unprepared as the rest of the globe for the aura that surrounded the mushrooming "sex battle."

No figures are official but supposedly Riggs received only $7,500 from Barnett (who, under the new agreement with Perenchio, will produce the TV show of the King match). This was in addition to the $5,000 Riggs won from San Diego Country Estates, which staged the contest, and the $5,000 he himself put up and kept. In its entirety the financial deal amounted to chalk dust compared to what has since been proposed for future matches plus what Riggs is gathering from his multiple endorsement contracts.

"I don't know whether to set the public straight or not," says Riggs. "What is truth, fiction, legend? What's more fun? Sure, I got taken in the first match. I signed with this guy as a favor to a friend. I didn't know my rear end about the TV play, so he took advantage. Who was to know it would shoot off like this?

"Look, three years ago I started out being very modest about this thing. What I said was that I was *not so sure* the best women players could beat an old man like me. Then the word was that I had challenged Billie Jean. Well, her people proposed a match for $50,000 at Lake Tahoe but they couldn't come up with a TV deal so that was that. *I* didn't call it off, her people did. Then the thing came up again this winter, and when she wouldn't do it for five thou Margaret did. So I went to it. [It was not a bad hustle on King's part, either. By turning down $5,000 she has ended up with a minimum of $200,000 if she beats Riggs in their upcoming face-off, and $100,000 if she loses. Poor Margaret.]

"I'm a ham," says Riggs. "I love the excitement, the center stage, the limelight. I know frustrated psychologists have a ball with this. . . . I hate women; I did it all for dough: what a dirty hustle. Stuff like that. People talk like I'm seeing dollars I've never seen before. They use the term hustler like I need a quick hundred. Listen, I had a million in the bank before Court. I didn't need this except to get out there into the attention zone again. I didn't want money. I wanted recognition. I missed that. I couldn't care less about clothes or cars. I've had the same suit for six years. Dollars aren't the play here. The biggest satisfaction from the match is the spirit and hope I've given all the ancients, the senior players and old guys in general. I know beating a woman isn't like winning seven gold medals. But how many old guys are there in the world? You think they can relate to Mark Spitz? They relate to me, Bobby Riggs."

Since a hustler needs only his ego for survival, the public reactions to the match and the bursts of interest and hatred spawned by it have fascinated him far more than the contest itself. He relishes, for instance, his membership in the World Organization for the Retention of Male Supremacy (WORMS), whose head WORM sent an epistle from the WORM hole describing the group's "disdain for effeminate men . . . and masculinity in women."

The million-dollar figures presently being hurled around Riggs are an additional source of strong satisfaction, but for deeper reasons. While a businessman on Long Island for most of the past 20 years, Riggs was married to Priscilla Wheelan, the boss' daughter. He had moved into a high position in the $20 million American Photograph Corporation, but there was little challenge. And so he took refuge outside the million-dollar dealings of the boardrooms, retreating to golf courses and game parlors to play for stakes in the mere hundreds.

"You marry dough, and all you have

continued

to do is mess around," says Riggs. "I knew that. I never had any initiative or drive to be a success in business. I came into the company after having been a celebrity. I was Riggs, the star, welcomed anywhere. And now they wanted me to start at the bottom, sweeping floors or something. Well, I wouldn't do that, so there was always this undercurrent of resentment. 'Wait till you leave the nest, you'll get yours.' Whispers like that.

"My wife could never understand my love for the contest and the action," Riggs says. "She was a beautiful girl and my whole life was laid out on a silver platter. But all that money didn't mean anything if I didn't have to strive for it. So I never bore down. It was too easy. That's why I was not a successful father or husband or businessman. It was really pretty stupid of me, the situation couldn't turn me on.

"I never thought of my wife's money as half mine. The millions weren't mine. The $100 I won on the golf course was. That was a challenge, and I had won it on my own. The really exciting thing in the afterglow of the Court match is knowing my family and all those business people watched me and are still watching, and they know being married to the boss' daughter doesn't matter now. This was something I did on my own, where my true character and personality emerged—just as I always said it would. They resented me and now they're seeing what happens."

Though it is true Riggs was not lacking for riches prior to the Court match—he took his million out of the divorce settlement a year and a half ago by, as he puts it, "unloosening comingled properties"—he still tends to rely on others for sustenance. He is Tennis Guest on visits to resorts and vacation paradises across the country. His plush townhouse at Park Newport in Newport Beach, Calif. is paid for by Gerson Bakar, a wealthy developer and close friend. His equipment and tennis clothes are furnished by sporting goods concerns. And soon even his hair dye will be free if, as expected, he signs a contract with Clairol.

In light of this charity, Riggs' ever-present concern about who picks up the check and for how much is somewhat distracting, if not altogether unexpected. On a recent foray into Las Vegas he seemed puzzlingly cautious about taking in a show at one of the large hotels lest the check not be "comped," or paid for by the management. When ultimately it was, he appeared joyous—hopefully just as much because his name was recognized as because he was relieved of a $100 tab.

Flying home from the same trip by charter jet, Riggs gave a journalist a $35.64 commercial plane ticket Riggs himself had already paid for. Upon landing and for several days thereafter Riggs reminded the journalist of his debt and, when finally paid back an even $35, he said, "O.K., now I flip you for the odd change. Call it in the air. Tails?"

The coin landed on the carpet, bounced, heads and Riggs demanded his payment—not just the extra 64¢ but the "odd change" too, making a full $36.

"Thanks," said the journalist, "for letting it hit the floor."

"That's O.K. If I catch it you're a dead duck," said Riggs. "At least this way you had a chance."

The journalist still isn't sure.

Certainly, then, it is all a game with Riggs. It isn't whether you get "comped" but what are the odds and isn't it fun to wait a long time to find out? It isn't the coins but the flip. (One of the highlights of the Court-Riggs week in Ramona was the coin flip to determine what weight balls would be used. With bloated fanfare Riggs trumpeted about the "flip of the century," and in retrospect he probably achieved as much delight in the anticipation of the flip as of the match. The flip, of course, was a lot closer.)

If any aspect of that history-making confrontation bothers Riggs today it is Court's subsequent behavior and remarks. Directly after the contest and ever since, he publicly has been most respectful of her and even cordial about her play, considering that Court's performance was one of the more noteworthy chokeups by a world-class athlete in recent times. Nevertheless, shortly after the match she blamed her loss on a "carnival atmosphere." She said that seven of 10 women on the pro tour could polish off Riggs and she labeled the match "a bit sneaky."

"Unless Margaret's hyping the gate for a rematch I resent that kind of nonsense," Riggs says. "Where does she get off taking such a cheap shot? Sneaky? I advertised every shot I was going to hit. I told her I would slow the pace, spin it and chop it and for her to bring her sunglasses for some lobs.

"Now if I had said, 'Hey, Margaret, we're just going out to hit it, nothing big, let's relax and have some fun and play Mickey Mouse,' that would be sneaky. But I told her this was the biggest match of her life. I came right out and said the eyes of the world would be on us. Girl, this is a show, I said. You better come out with both guns ready and you better play. See, she didn't grasp the deal here. She never realized what was at stake.

"You would think she at least would say something about an old guy surprising her. Give me *some* credit. What she has to believe, and any knowledgeable person realizes, is that I am one of the greatest players who ever lived. I'm 1-2-3-4-5, in there, greatest ever."

During occasional soliloquies such as this one, which happened on a very late and very liquid evening after Riggs had abandoned his training routine (he says he is now down to only 207 vitamin pills a day) and was imbibing generously of, first, bourbon on the rocks and then many Heinekens, more of his true feelings seem to surface.

This night he addressed himself further, angrily and more or less profanely, to the subject of the Court match. "In the beginning I felt the same jitters you feel at opening night on Broadway or in the first round of a championship fight," he said. "But then they left and I went after her. I wanted to test some things early. After the match everyone talked about the first three games [Riggs won the first three games with the loss of only four points] as if they were some kind of turning point. Why, I knew the story after *two points*! Two points, and I knew it was over! She looked so bad in two points. I knew it was going to be a picnic. That's why I hit the goofer. [Riggs served a high blooping ball on the third point of the match.] I just put the goofer on her and so what if she smashed it away? It showed her that she was psychologically finished.

"Not even a game," Riggs repeated. "*Two points*! Bing! That was it. How serious could I take her after that?"

Riggs claims he had contemplated serving underhand at some point in the match but changed his mind because he didn't want to "embarrass" Court. He also insists he tanked the seventh game of the first set (in which he tried a slashing shot that spun the ball around his ankles, and also double faulted) in order to try and close out the set on Court's service, which he did one game later.

Riggs does not share the opinion of

most experts that the tall Aussie should have changed strategies and rushed the net more as the match wore on.

"She wasn't stupid, just helpless," he says. "Look, catch this play. She counted on two things to beat me. One, she thought she could get her first serve in, come to the net and attack. Well, she couldn't get her serve in, although I can't take credit for that. She was bright enough to know she couldn't follow her second serve, so she had to wait back there for the right shot to hit and I never gave it to her. Two, she thought she could attack my serve and then be aggressive coming to the net. She came out braying that so many of the girls serve harder than me, that I hit butterflies and returning my serve will be easy. Some naive broad.

"In the deuce court I gave her wide spin, way over in the doubles alley, and I don't care who you are—forget she's a woman—it's difficult to come to net from over there. In the ad court, same thing. I gave her a shallow breaking ball with American twist and sent her into the doubles alley again.

"She doesn't know this is going to happen. She can't attack and now she panics. She was bewitched, bothered, bewildered and mesmerized into the worst match played by a good player ever. If there's a next time maybe she'll have some answers. But I doubt it. I don't expect any improvements from Margaret. King might be different—but then I might change a few things myself."

What is a fellow who lives off successful women? In all its raw, basic texture this is exactly what Bobby Riggs is doing—if not for a living, then at least for sideline recreation—in order to earn his "five mill." While nobody has gone on record with a motivational analysis of such behavior, amateur Riggsologists continue to have a field day in this regard. One wrote the following:

"I don't need someone like Bobby Riggs to represent my sex. It is only the insecure ones who need added assurance of their own masculine adequacy. . . . Here is a man who basically is questioning his manhood and virility. Being faced with the recognition that he is now over the hill, he chose to take on any woman of superior athletic prowess as assurance of his maleness and ability to conquer. In so doing he preserved the fantasy of his own youth. He is a coward in dis-

continued



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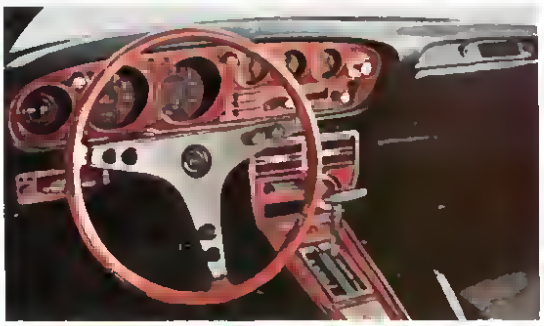
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Bobby Riggs

guise, a scared old man fearful of accepting his physical decline."

Riggs' reply to that particular evaluation cannot be repeated here. Nevertheless he readily agrees that women have taken up extraordinarily large periods of his 55 years.

In 1930 Riggs' tennis career commenced when Dr. Esther Bartosh, now a retired anatomy instructor from the University of Southern California, noticed him hitting the ball around a public park and inquired if he would like to learn the game. At the time Bartosh was fourth-ranked among women in the area, and 10 weeks after she took Riggs in tow the youngster reached the finals of the Southern California 13-and-under tournament. When he was 14 she drove him east in her Model A to the national boys' championships at Culver Military Academy in Culver, Ind. She continued to coach him throughout his teens, and to this day Riggs credits Esther Bartosh with furnishing most of the strong elements in his game.

Another female coach, Eleanor Tennant, the patroness of Alice Marble, also contributed to Riggs' early success by donating $650 worth of equipment and clothes during the summer of 1937, thus enabling him to go east on his own. "Bobby . . . has a strong sense of responsibility and a stronger determination to get what he's after," Miss Tennant said in an early *New York Post* article that referred to her as Riggs' "Modern Day Fairy Godmother."

During most of his playing career Riggs' own mother, Agnes, did not take much of an interest in her son's tennis, what with five other children consuming her time. Riggs says his mother saw him play "only once or twice." He says she was not a sportswoman, but a reader who specialized in Shakespeare, the Bible and classics. "A real straight-arrow mom," he says.

Before he was 21 Riggs had a short romance with Pauline Betz, who went on to win Forest Hills in 1942, '43, '44 and '46. Not long after, Bobby met a short, pert blonde named Catherine (Kay) Fischer at the Illinois state tournament. At the end of the same year, in which he won both Wimbledon and Forest Hills, Riggs also won Kay Fischer in December of 1939 they were married in Chicago.

"Kay was always a marvelous, driving force for Bobby," says Jack Kramer, on whose professional tour she worked as an advance publicist both during the marriage and after a divorce in the early 1950s. "She appreciated the fact that he was a champion, that tennis had to come first. She gave all she had to make it easier for them both."

Somewhere between his first and second marriages came a British receptionist with whom Riggs traveled around the tennis world. But that didn't last, either, and when he met Priscilla Wheelan on the courts of the LaGorce Country Club in Miami it was, he says, "Instant chemistry, love at first sight." The day after the wedding in September 1952 the couple sailed on the S.S. *America* for England, but soon after arriving Riggs could not resist the temptation to play some exhibitions in Sweden. The honeymoon was cut short and Priscilla missed out on a continuing trip to Italy.

Riggs has two sons by his first wife, both of whom live in the Los Angeles area not far from his home. However, the father appears to have closer ties with the three younger sons and especially the daughter, 19-year-old Dolly, of his second family back east. Dolly, having flown in from Florida, was the only one of Riggs' children to stay with him at Ramona during his latest shining hour.

The two oldest boys have had periods of estrangement from their father on several occasions. Bob Sr. jokingly refers to Bob Jr. as a "Coca-Cola freak" and is often critical of his eldest son's girth. His past differences with Larry, a stockbroker and the tennis coach at Pepperdine University, have gone deeper.

According to one member of the family, Larry as a teen-ager held a "barrelful of animosities" toward his father and when he moved west tried to hide the fact from his friends that he was the son of Bobby Riggs. Recently, Larry was quoted as saying that both of his father's wives had been "strong, domineering women" and that Bobby was "a more dedicated father than a husband."

"Larry's always been rebellious," says Bobby. "He's been resentful of me and what I've done because he thinks he can do everything better than I can. More power to him, but the fact is I was wife-oriented, not child-oriented. I spent a lot more time with my wives than with the kids. Just leave it at this. I married two lovely, charming girls and I blew two marriages, being Bobby Riggs. O.K.?"

With this newfound celebrity status

Riggs' current social life seems more than full. At a Las Vegas poolside recently he introduced two dazzling young things of about 20 as "my sister act, the Dynamic Duo from the Coast." Later in the hotel lobby a brunette came running up to Riggs gushing, "You were just fabulous in the match."

"Wonderful," said Riggs later. "See? That never happened before, not even after Wimbledon."

Riggs' vitamin-based health kick program—for which he is paying a cool $5,000 to the same nutritional scientist used by Lawrence Welk—includes a high-protein diet and pills made up of concentrations of crude wheat-germ oil, liver extract and other horrible-sounding items. The regimen has resulted in a physical transformation that has not gone undetected. One of Riggs' Newport Beach dates, a blonde stewardess named Dardanella, says, "When I first met Bobby about a year ago he looked 60. Now I think he could pass for 45. His neck lines give him away but he looks completely different. He has more color in his cheeks than I do."

To help him stay in peak condition, to keep his game sharp, to shield him, answer the phone, carry the rackets and be an all-round "go-fer," Riggs has taken as a traveling companion 29-year-old Lornie Kuhle, a former VISTA volunteer. Kuhle is from Decatur, Ill. and was hired away from his tennis pro job at the Las Vegas Country Club. He has known Bobby a long time, having been a boyhood pal of Larry Riggs.

When Kuhle was trying out for a tennis scholarship to Pan American University several years ago the elder Riggs showed up and played two sets with the youngster under the watchful eye of the Pan American coach. "Bobby told me to come to the net and watch the lines. He'd hit it to me every time," Kuhle remembers. "I thrashed him two sets to one and got the scholarship easy. It was the all-time tank job."

The two have been close ever since and, as Riggs says, "Lornie got his master's degree in the Riggs' school, he's had quite an education."

In addition to his other duties, Kuhle is Riggs' foil, a built-in, everyday opponent. He comes with the hotel, as it were, or with the airplane or the limousine. Wherever Riggs is, he makes sure Kuhle will be around to compete against.

The two men communicate in a special argot of their own, which sounds like a cross between the styles of Richard Pryor and Nathan Detroit. They bet "units" on everything from tennis games to memory contests, from the turn of a coin to the flight of a robin. A unit normally is $25 or $50, thus they can conceal the enormity of their bets by screaming out on a tennis court or in an airplane cabin, "This one's for eight units."

Other gambling terms such as "knock a guy in," "barbecue," "in the barn" and "play" are brought up approximately two or three times a sentence. A play, for instance, can be a movie, a steak, a car ride, a point, set, multimillion-dollar decision or trip to the men's room. "I'll order this prime-rib play," Lornie might say at dinner.

"Should we go for the cab play or do a walk play back to the hotel?" Bobby asks after the meal.

When Riggs has befuddled an opponent and taken him for a hundle, he has knocked the guy in or barbecued him. (Once he barbecued a golf opponent by sinking a 55-foot putt in total darkness after playing 90 holes in a single day.) When he is lying low, performing at half-speed, playing possum, all to raise the ante, Riggs is naturally in the barn. Before the Court match he stayed for eight weeks in what ultimately amounted to the largest barn of his life. Riggs' unalloyed satisfaction is that to defeat her he never had to leave the barn.

Riggs and Kuhle are forever holding contests to test their memory and or intuition. In the form of 20 Questions, their game will open with Riggs challenging Kuhle to guess with whom he has just spoken on the telephone.

"From the Coast? Male? Tennis player? Have I seen him in the last three months?" Kuhle will rattle off. Recently it took him only six questions to correctly guess Kirk Kerkorian, the Los Angeles financier.

At times Kuhle will "past post" Riggs; that is, challenge him to a bet Kuhle already knows the outcome of. Prior to their first trip to London together, Kuhle checked to find out the length of their jumbo jet. On the flight he then successfully bet his mentor several units he could come closer to the length of the plane than Riggs. "Can you believe this guy?" Riggs screeches, recalling his loss. "Past-posting me, taking advantage of an old man. What kind of deal was that?"

continued

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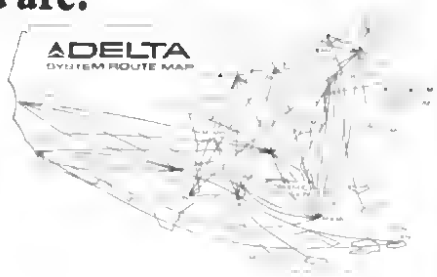


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Bobby Riggs *continued*

"That was a student barbecuing his teacher," Kuhle said.

On the other hand, it was a small debacle compared to the time Riggs got taken by a corporate thief in Manhattan for several hundred dollars on a repossessed automobile swindle, or the day in Miami he was cheated out of $3,000 when two well-known tennis pros conspired to throw a match he had bet heavily on.

Not long ago Bobby Riggs sat on a plane taking him east for still more appearances and TV shows. He spent his time tearing out magazine advertisements for possible future endorsement references and, when he tired of that, engaged Kuhle in a contest of flipping the plastic "Seat Occupied" signs through makeshift baskets formed by the men's folded arms. He sailed cards into a travel bag. He bet Kuhle several units on the ratio of passengers' meal orders, steak to chicken. He talked about his *raison d'être* and about the curious term "hustler."

"What I live for," he said, "is the game. The matching of wits. Gambling is fine because it goes along with this. But certain types of gambling have no appeal for me. I'm a bad casino player because I never learned. I was always a fader because I know the shooters aren't supposed to win. But I never learned how to bet big while ahead. I always bet big to break even. I won't go near a racetrack. I'm a doer, not a watcher. 'Psychologizing' is my big thing, but the dice can't hear me and the horses don't listen.

"People misunderstand the mentality of a hustler. It doesn't matter how well you do things, it's how you negotiate handicaps. I found out long ago to always gamble up. Play rich guys and knock 'em in. It's no fun playing guys who go broke if they lose. How do you collect? Jockey for position to get to the big people.

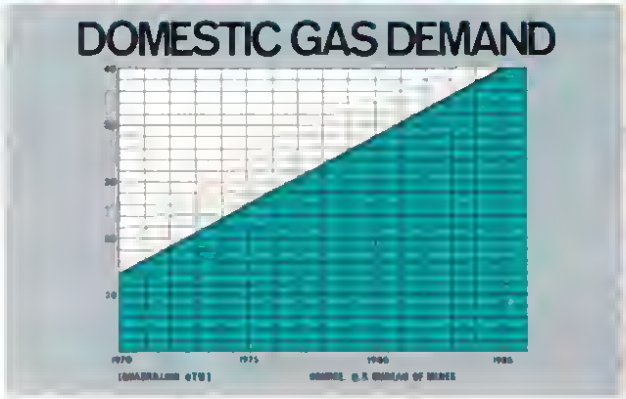
"As long as we understand the term," Riggs said, "to be a hustler is no disgrace. The original conception was of a not very attractive guy who moved around a lot and needed to hustle to make a living. He put on a disguise and came crawling out from under a rock. He was a stranger in the pool hall who deceived people and had a definite lock on the situation. I think I've changed that. I've brought sophistication to hustling and given the term respectability. Everybody knows who Bobby Riggs is. They know I've been a world champion and still am

continued

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a champion even at my age. They recognize me as an old pro who comes through in the clutch. A guy who will fight all the way. For me it's been a matter of having fun with other affluent people. Wits against wits, minds vs. odds; competition."

Riggs has enjoyed observing the Jimmy Demarets, Lou Novas and Brian Oldfields recently horning in on his act by challenging the distaff side in all sorts of sporting endeavors. "I should have put a patent on this play and pulled in some royalties," he says. Challenges do abound. Willie Mosconi proposed a pool match against him, and one Margaret Clemons, president of the Girls Rodeo Association, invited him to duel her in a goat-tying competition at the Casey Tibbs Cowboy Reunion and Rodeo. Riggs was ready. "I don't play pool but I'll give Mosconi any handicap he wants on a tennis court: dogs, elephants, anything," he said. "The goat play sounds better. I've always wanted to get a woman's goat."

Other challenges have gone begging. Amarillo Slim, one of the world's best poker players, claims Riggs has approached him about the possibility of competing against a woman in poker, but Riggs says it was the other way around. "He called me and said he could get a girl and in six months teach her enough to beat me. Now, there is no way a girl can learn how to beat me in that short a time. His angle is that he already has a girl poker expert primed. Plus he called me 'some kind of hustler' like I was a small-time deal. His approach was disrespectful and degrading."

What Riggs means is that there is dishonor among rogues—a notable confession even if we knew it all along. The question remains. Will he play poker with Slim's girl or tie a goat with Margaret Clemons? Will he try polo against Zsa Zsa Gabor? Will he sing high notes versus Tammy Wynette? Will he dial area codes opposite Martha Mitchell? What will Bobby Riggs do next?

"I know a lot of people think I'm a rotten derelict and hate me for looking for women to pick on," he says. "But I've always been the sweetest guy around. What I really am is just an old broken-down tennis bum trying to hang around a little longer and have some fun."

Which leaves another question. When *will* Bobby Riggs come out of the barn? **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 16-22

BICYCLING—LUIS OCANA of Spain won the 20-day Tour de France, finishing ahead of France's Bernard Thevenet. Defending champion Eddy Merckx did not compete.

BOATING—The 1969 winner BAY BEA took the 66th Chicago-to-Mackinac yacht race with a corrected time of 54 43 15 for the 333-mile course. *Scaramouche* was second in 55 19 56. E. R. Schmidt's *Sassy* crossed the finish line first but was placed fourth on a corrected-time basis.

BOWLING—DON JOHNSON won the $37,500 Houston Sertoma Open for his 21st PBA title as he outrolled Matt Surina of Longview, Wash. by 98 pins overall.

GOLF—SUSIE MAXWELL BERNING gave herself a 32nd birthday present with a two-over-par 290 victory in the U.S. Women's Open at Rochester, N.Y. (*page 18*)

A victory in the $210,000 St. Louis Children's Hospital Classic brought 43-year-old GENE LITTLER his first PGA win since being operated on for cancer 16 months ago. A final-round 68 enabled him to beat the tour's leading money-winner Bruce Crampton by a stroke. His 268 total was 12 under par.

HARNESS RACING—KEYSTONE SMARTIE ($61), driven by Bill Vaughan, took the Hanover-Hempt Stakes at Pocono Downs in Wilkes Barre, Pa., beating Otaro Hanover by a nose.

The $25,600 Queen City Pace at Greenwood Raceway in Toronto went to MELVIN'S WOE ($6.40), who won by a length over Ambro Nadir. The winner was driven by Joe O'Brien.

HORSE RACING—Rokeby Stable's KEY TO THE MINT ($3.40) won the 87th running of the $109,500 Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct (*page 16*). Braulio Baeza rode the 4-year-old colt to a 1¾-length victory over True Knight. Favored Riva Ridge was scratched at the last minute because of soggy track conditions.

1972 American Derby winner DUBASSOFF ($5), ridden by Jaeinto Vasquez, won the $117,750 Arlington Handicap by 1½ lengths over Jogging. It was Dubassoff's first stakes victory this season.

Making it five straight wins, CENTURY'S ENVOY ($3.60) won the $136,050 Juvenile Stakes at Hollywood Park by four lengths over Such a Rush. Jerry Lambert rode the 2-year-old colt to a 1:09 in the six-furlong dash.

MOTORCYCLING—Sweden gained its first world title as KENT ANDERSSON, driving a Yamaha, placed second in the Swedish Grand Prix at Anderstorp and clinched the 125-cc-class world crown. BÖRJE JANSSON of Sweden won the race on a Maico.

MOTOR SPORTS—The French team of HENRI PESCAROLO and GERARD LARROUSSE drove a Matra to victory in the 10th world manufacturers' race, the Watkins Glen Six Hours of Endurance. Averaging a record 111.895 mph for 672.023 miles, the team racked up its fifth win in the 11-race series and Matra leads Ferrari 124–115 in Championship points. Jacky Ickx and Brian Redman, in a Ferrari, were second.

DAVID PEARSON, in his Wood Brothers Mercury, took the $16,150 winner's purse with a one lap and 23 second victory in the Dixie 500 at Hampton, Ga. Pearson, who has won nine of his last 10 races, led the last half of the event, averaging 130.211 mph. Cale Yarborough, in a Junior Johnson Chevrolet, finished second. Three-time Dixie winner Richard Petty dropped out on the 72nd lap when his Dodge engine blew.

MARK DONOHUE posted his second victory this season, driving his turbocharged Porsche to an impressive win in the $75,000 Glen Can-Am at Watkins Glen. Leading both 101-mile legs from flag to flag, he broke Jackie Stewart's race-lap record during the first event when he was clocked at 122.096 mph for the fourth lap. The previous mark was 119.610. Britain's David Hobbs, in a Carling McLaren-Chevrolet, finished second in both races.

TENNIS—Women pros will compete for equal prize money ($25,000 to the singles champion) for the first time in a major tournament, as Ban Deodorant contributed $55,000 to the female cause for the U.S. Open at Forest Hills. A spokesman for Ban said, "We feel that the women's game is equally as exciting and entertaining as the men's." Chris Evert added, "Thank goodness for Billie Jean King."

Top-seeded ILIE NASTASE beat Roy Emerson 6–4, 6–3 for the men's singles title of the Swiss International Championships. JULIA ANTHONY of Los Angeles won the women's 6–4, 7–5 over Rachel Giscafre of Argentina.

The Dutch were the masters in the Netherlands Open at Hilversum, as TOM OKKER and BETTY STOVE won the singles titles. Okker downed Spain's Andre Gimeno 2–6, 6–4, 6–4, 6–7, 6–3, and Stove defeated West German Helga Masthoff 7–5, 6–4. Stove then joined Masthoff for the women's doubles, winning 6–2, 7–6 over Trudy Walhof and Brigitte Cuypers. Gimeno lost again, this time with Antonio Munoz in the doubles, to Ivon Molina and Allan Stone 4–6, 7–6, 6–4.

PATTI HOGAN defeated Sharon Walsh 11–9, 4–6, 6–4 for the women's singles title of the North of England championships in Hoylake. BOB GILTINAN of Australia upset countryman Owen Davidson 1–6, 6–3, 6–2 for the men's crown.

TRACK & FIELD—East German RENATE STECHER broke her own world record for the 100-meter dash with a 10.8 in the East German championships in Dresden. She set the old mark of 10.9 last month in Czechoslovakia and equaled it in a heat at Dresden. Stecher set her second world record in as many days, streaking to a 22.1 in the 200 meters. She shared the previous mark of 22.4 with Chi Cheng of Taiwan.

World junior men's (19 and under) records continued to fall as the American 400-meter relay team broke by three-tenths the world mark they had tied last week with 39.6 in Warsaw, Poland. The American 1,600-meter relay team of HERMAN FRAZIER, BRIAN MONDSCHEIN, JIM ROBINSON and KEITH TINNER also set a new record of 3:08.2, bettering the old mark, which they had equaled last week, by 3.1.

In London, Sweden's INGER KNUTSSON established a women's junior (18 and under) mark in the 3,000-meter run with 9:08. She beat her own record of 9:16.60.

In Turin, Italy, RICK WOHLHUTER, who holds the world mark for the 880-yard run, beat Marcello Fiasconaro, the 800-meter record holder, at the Italian's own distance in 1:45.3. The U.S. men's team finished the two-country event with 143 points to Italy's 78. The American women also won 84–49.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED. The retirement of NBA Commissioner WALTER KENNEDY, when his contract expires in June 1975.

RETIRED. Jockey MANUEL YCAZA, 35, winner of 2,368 races, including the Laurel International three times, to become consul general for the Republic of Panama in New York.

RETIRED. As of Nov. 15, COUGAR II, to stand at stud at Leslie Combs' Spendthrift Farms in Lexington, Ky. The Chilean-bred 7-year-old will finish his racing career in the East this fall.

SELECTED. By major league scouting directors, EDDIE BANE, as college baseball player of the year. After setting an NCAA record for career strikeouts (535 in 379⅓ innings) at Arizona State, the junior pitcher signed with the Minnesota Twins.

TRADED. NFL stars DUANE THOMAS and BUBBA SMITH from San Diego and Baltimore to Washington and Oakland. Thomas, who never played for the Chargers, went to the Redskins for two high future draft choices. Smith, who sat out last season with a knee injury, was swapped for the Raiders' star tight end RAY CHESTER.

CREDITS

16—Jerry Cooke. 19—John D. Hanlon-Jane Stewart. 32, 34—Jane Stewart. 39—(left) London Daily Express; Pictorial Parade. 40—Herb S. Hartman. 47—Nordisk Pressefoto. 48, 49—James Drake. 50—Shaedy & Long. 66—Neville L. Trott Bermuda News Bureau (1).

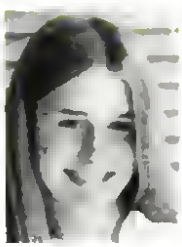
FACES IN THE CROWD



JON JEPSEN, swimming coach at Munster (Ind.) High, was selected state high school coach of the year after Munster's record-breaking win in the state finals. In his four-year career his teams had a 47-5 mark, including an undefeated record this season.



KELLY BELLEROSE, 8-year-old from Newburyport, Mass., led his baseball team in the Pioneer League to two straight championships by posting 25 consecutive victories. In his career he has pitched five no-hitters, eight one-hitters and six two-hitters.



DIANE DEMOREST, 15, of Friday Harbor, Wash., won the first state pentathlon for women in a meet at Lacey. Placing in the top three in all five events, three of which she had never competed in before, she totaled 2,988 points and won by 43 in an 11-woman field.



JIM LOPEZ, a real estate developer from Coral Gables, Fla., landed three potential fly rod world records in Bermuda. Using a 15-pound tippet, he caught an 81-pound Allison tuna. On a 10-pound tip he took blackfin tuna weighing 22 pounds, 10 ounces and 24 pounds.



MARLIN VAN HORN, a freshman at Selinsgrove High School in Pennsylvania, broke the national frosh record in the javelin with a toss of 210' 7". He managed to better the listed mark by 12' 4". No other freshman has been known to throw over 200 feet.



GARY KITE, a senior at Graham High in St. Paris, Ohio, pitched his team to the state Class AA baseball championship. With an 11-2 record, which included two no-hitters and a .57 ERA, he averaged 10.8 strikeouts per game. He also compiled a .386 batting average.

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Back in 1911, publicity stunts were the fashion in the car business.

Like coaxing a Model T up the steps of the State Capitol in Nashville, Tenn., to impress people with its ruggedness.



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The Pinto engine. (Above.) Rugged and reliable. Improved and perfected in more than 10 years of driving in small Ford-built cars all over the world. Easy on gas, simple to maintain.

The Pinto transmission. A floor-mounted 4-speed fully synchronized transmission is standard on Pinto. It was designed to be "lubed for life". All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.



The Pinto body. Unitized into one piece of welded steel, with steel guard rails in the door, steel reinforcements in the roof. And a surprising amount of room inside.



Extra-strength parts. Many Pinto components could be used in much bigger cars: the ball joints in the front suspension (below), the universal joint, starter motor, rear wheel bearings.



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See all the 1973 Pintos at your Ford Dealer's: 2-door sedan, 3-door Runabout, and the popular Pinto Wagon.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.



FORD PINTO

Shown here is a 1973 Pinto sedan with optional whitewall tires, accent and deluxe bumper groups.

FORD DIVISION Ford

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

(S)PIT BALL

Sirs:

Since no one can seem to locate where Gaylord Perry (*Every Little Movement . . .*, July 16) hides his so-called slippery substance, I say check the catcher. He may have his hand in the cookie jar, or should I say grease bowl.

MARK DIPAOLO

Carson, Calif.

Sirs:

From my personal observations regarding the controversial charges made against Gaylord Perry, it appears to me that Mr. Perry's questionable pitch is simply a "pitball." Perry, with his assorted gyrations and movements, quite frequently goes to his armpit area. I am not condoning his actions, but if he can get away with it, then more power to him. I am in favor of legalizing the spitball to give the pitchers a few breaks. The rules presently favor the hitters.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Ron Fimrite's article brought back some memories of a game between the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Chicago Cubs in 1968. Bill Singer was pitching for the Dodgers and when he was putting on his warmup jacket while on base during a time-out two items fell out of his jacket. One was a toothbrush, the other toothpaste. "Aha," said Leo Durocher, the Cubs' manager, "now we got the goods on him." The toothbrush and toothpaste were given to the umpire who turned them over to the league president.

The case was dropped for lack of evidence because Singer explained that the reason he always carried these sundries in his warmup jacket was because he liked to brush his teeth at the ball park. So word went around the league that Singer was throwing a "toothpaste pitch."

RANDY HOLMES

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

You stated that the accredited inventor of the spitter was George Hildebrand in 1902. Hildebrand was an outfielder for the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1902. Did he teach pitchers to throw it, perfect a loaded throw to the plate himself, or is Ron Fimrite all wet?

JAMES D. LEE

Chicago

• Hildebrand, always an outfielder, discovered the spitter while warming up—and horsing around—before a game. Subsequently he passed his secret along to a number of pitchers.—ED.

FAMILY

Sirs:

Roy Blount did an exceptional story on an exceptional family (*An Unsentimental Education*, July 16). What makes Art Rooney's sons so worthwhile was pointed out clearly in one sentence: "They also take pride in being down-to-earth like their father."

JOHN KUNDA
Sports Editor
The Morning Call

Allentown, Pa.

RACING ROOKIE

Sirs:

Congratulations on the excellent article by Robert F. Jones (*Fastest Rookie on the Road*, July 16) regarding motor sports' latest driving sensation, South Africas' Jody Scheckter. Jody appears to be destined for superstar status and it is significant that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should recognize this aspiring new talent at this time.

JOHN A. SCHNEIDER, JR.

Bay Village, Ohio

TEAM THAT MIKE BUILT

Sirs:

Along with many other Yankee fans, I enjoyed reading *Pinstripes Are Back in Style* in your July 2 issue. However, I believe that the piece was unfair—not in what it said, but in what it failed to say. The individual primarily responsible for the rebirth of the Yankees was not even mentioned. Mike Burke, who became president of the team during the dark days of CBS ownership, painstakingly built today's Yankees into a pennant contender with only slight support from the network owners. This spring a new group of owners shunted Burke aside, just as the Yankees were about to realize the fruits of his labor.

J. TAYLOR DEWEESE

Philadelphia

BOUQUET & BRICKBAT

Sirs:

A bouquet to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for Joe Jares' excellent Wimbledon article (*A Bloomin' Winner*, July 16). Billie Jean King certainly is a blooming winner and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has consistently acknowledged that fact. I eagerly await coverage of the King-Riggs match.

DOROTHY STOCKARD

Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

One picture caption in the Wimbledon story is to be questioned: "Kodes and Metreveli, the best the men had to offer, played a forgettable final." Kodes can beat just about anybody in the world on a given day. You forget that in 1970 and 1971 he won the French Championship, which is regarded as one of the game's four top events. And Metreveli is improving all the time.

TONY STRATTA

San Francisco

Sirs:

Your July 16 cover was the best ever. When the Queen of the Court outhustles Riggs, maybe we'll see another cover and perhaps even a poster. Right on, Billie Jean!

J. A. KEARNS

Manchester, N.H.

BELLY LAUGHS

Sirs:

J. D. Reed's article (*Always Ready to Chew the Fat*, July 16) probably received many laughs from SI readers. However, as I read it I found myself becoming more and more upset over a not-so-funny topic.

Overweight people do not need a convenient fat hero who also happens to be an athlete. They do not say, "Pass the chips and dip, please. Everything is going to be all right." The sorry truth is that everything will not be all right and Mr. Reed should not rejoice in the fact that he has presented to your readers another rationalization for not exercising.

SI could do a much greater service to its readers by publishing encouraging articles on how to take off weight and how to attain and maintain good physical condition.

Let's not celebrate obesity.

RON LONG

Anderson, Ind.

Sirs:

Your article was a real inspiration to the lay "fatman." Driven by a sense of participation and rather stunned by the vicious overt consumption of Steak Diane, it was necessary to pause between Boog Powell and Chris Taylor for chocolate cake. The subsequent abuse of the Lob-Steak only precipitated another crisis, solved only by the consumption of a sensibly sized bowl of chocolate ice cream. It was a distinct relief to discover the true vicar of fattydom, Mickey Lolich, while pausing over a very palatable jelly omelet.

Only one question remains: Does Mr. Reed rest easy knowing that he has done little to keep food prices down?

BILL KENT

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs:

I was happy to see the article dealing with the fat man's role on the sports scene and especially the portion on Mickey Lolich. After all, some of the best pitchers ever to play

continued

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Billie Jean King won't brush with anything else?



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Ask Billie Jean King. She wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



Colgate with MFP...the breath-freshening cavity fighter.





on the major leagues have been on the rotund side. Bobo Newsom, Fat Freddie Fitzsimmons, Early Wynn and, of course, Babe Ruth.

JAMES WILLIAMS

Virginia Beach, Va.

Sirs:

I can't believe you printed the whole thing!

DOUGLAS JOHNS

Homestead, Pa.

NU CREW

Sirs:

I was extremely pleased with your coverage of this year's Henley Regatta (*And a Happy Loser That's No. 1*, July 16), which also turned out to be the U.S. college championship. On the Thames River, Northeastern University became the No. 1 college crew when they swept to a one-length victory over Wisconsin, so in Northeastern's first decade of rowing it reached the top spot. Thanks for the deserved recognition.

JOSEPH LEARY

Quincy, Mass.

Sirs:

I find an odd statement in Hugh Whall's article about the Henley Royal Regatta: "... the odd Thames River course that measures one mile and 550 yards instead of the standard 2,000 meters."

There is nothing odd about the Henley distance, which has been in existence since 1839. In fact, the odd distance is 2,000 meters, the so-called Olympic distance now being rowed in this country for both sprints and the intercollegiate championships. There should be a longer course for the latter. The old four-mile race should be the challenge of the intercollegiate rowing season and the races should be restored to Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Indeed, I find it unusual that the 2,000-meter distance is less than the Henley distance I rowed as a schoolboy over 50 years ago.

BEDDIS WIGGLESWORTH

Fayetteville, Ark.

BAD FOOTWORK

Sirs:

You blokes have really upset the natives. Your picture of Joe Frazier (PEOPLE, July 9) supposedly watching a portable TV screen while doing roadwork in Hyde Park is somewhat adrift. Frazier was, in fact, listening to his cassette record player blaring the most abominable noise. Nice chap, Joe. Glad to have him here. Nice to see him go.

REG GUTTERIDGE

London

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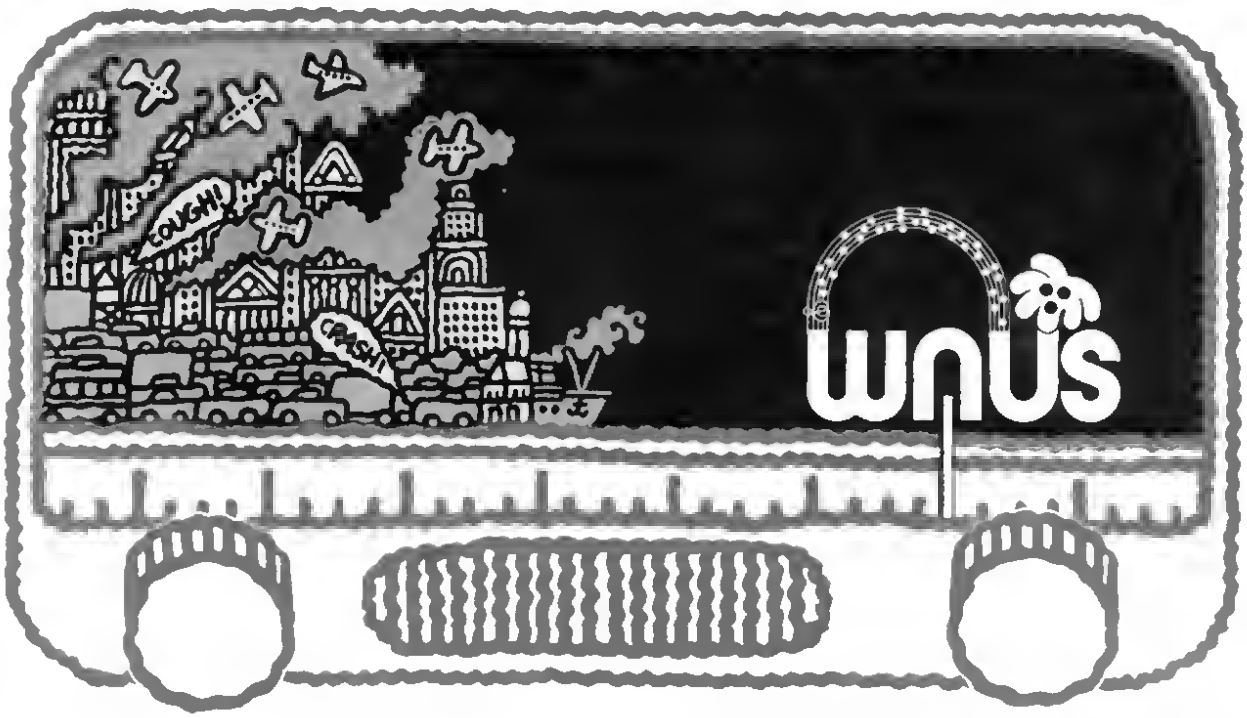
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